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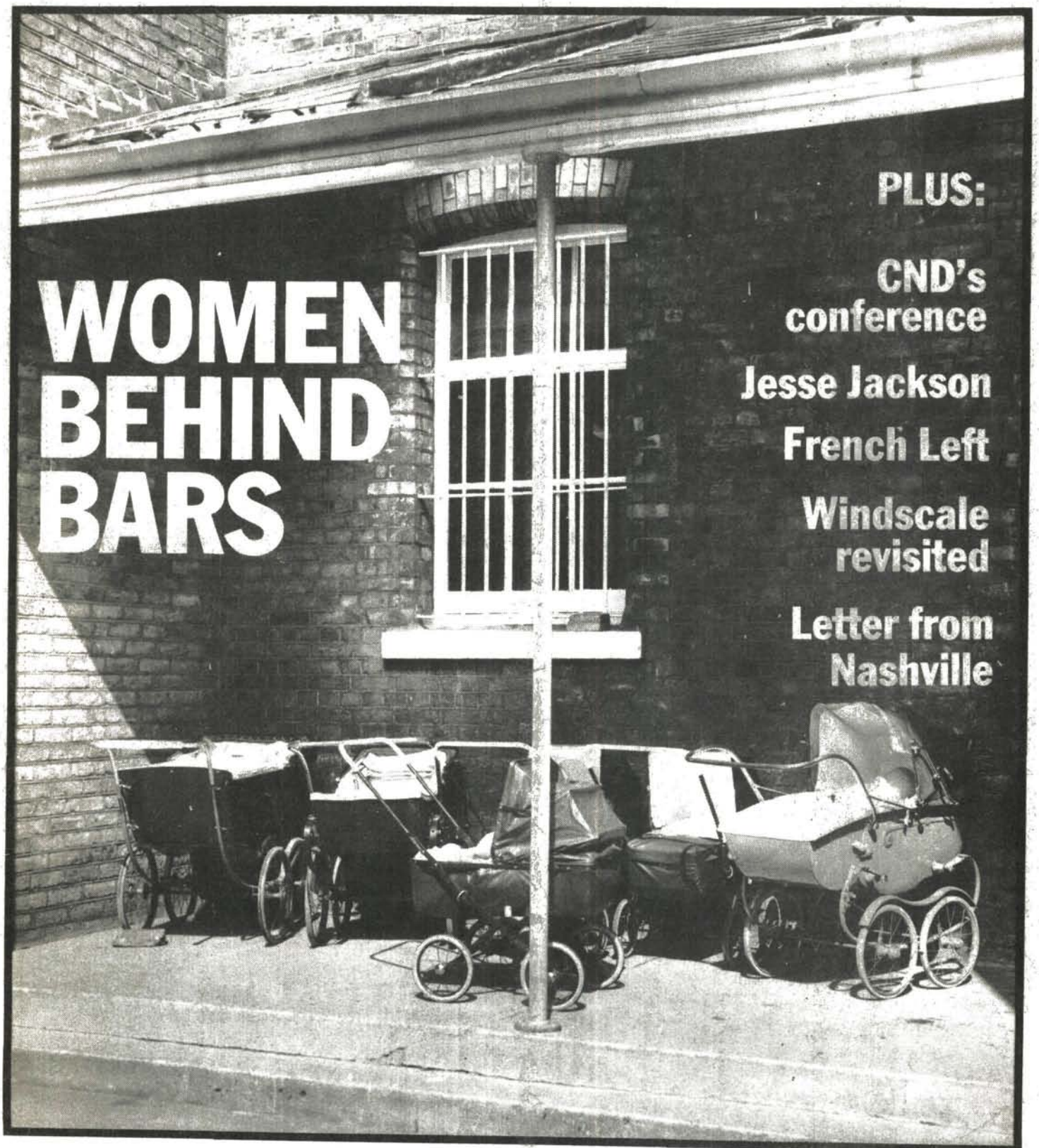

WOMEN BEHIND BARS

PLUS:

CND's conference

Jesse Jackson

French Left

Windscale revisited

Letter from Nashville

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New Statesman

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Finding that cure, together with providing the sophisticated and intensive treatment for victims of this dreadful disease will take time, special facilities and, above all, money. The **Elimination of Leukaemia Fund (ELF)** is a major new medical charity whose first aim is to raise the necessary funds to set up and run specialist Leukaemia Units in London and provincial centres.

The funds for such units cannot be provided by the National Health Service, so ELF is asking for your support. PLEASE HELP US FIGHT LEUKAEMIA. With all the good will in the world we won't find a cure, but with enough money we might.

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New Statesman

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Moving to a shoddy compromise

ATHENS LAST week-end was pure theatre. As the EEC summit meeting came to its preordained non-conclusion, the media produced exactly the headlines that Mrs Thatcher wanted. 'Thatcher fumes', 'Summit ends in failure', 'EEC on edge of bankruptcy' and so on – as if what was happening was a shocking surprise.

In fact every head of government flying to Athens last week-end knew perfectly well that on the central issues of reform of the Common Agricultural Policy and arrangements for reducing Britain's net contribution to the EEC budget nothing was going to be achieved. Summit meetings never achieve anything unless most or much of the groundwork has been done in advance at a lower level. No progress of any substance had been made these issues during the previous six months of the Greek presidency of the EEC. The idea that heads of government could make up for this lack of progress by locking themselves together for 36 hours may be the stuff of news reports by diplomatic correspondents. It is not part of the real world.

What then is the reality behind the theatre? First there was the need for each prime minister and president to look good at home. Mrs Thatcher will therefore be delighted to have come back from Athens sounding like a national leader who has robustly stood up for British national interests against foreigners; bitterly accusing others of running away from long-term solutions to fundamental problems.

But she and they know that talk of this being the EEC's final moment of truth is just rhetoric. The last time the EEC was presented as being at this point was when Mrs Thatcher presented her first ultimatum about wanting back her billion pounds at the Dublin summit in 1979. It took two EEC summits after that to reach the required compromise. It will probably be the same this time. The next scheduled summit is in Brussels in March. The solution could be found in time for it to be endorsed there, but it will probably take three months more.

There are two reasons for this certainty. The first is the continuing one that eight out of the ten EEC countries do very well financially out of the EEC, in particular out of the CAP. As always the majority has a strong vested interest in keeping the EEC show on the road.

The second is President Reagan. There has been a sea change in the last year in the attitudes of leading Western politicians to the leading role of the United States in the Western alliance. Grenada has been personally important to Mrs Thatcher. Just as a previous Tory government's systematic deception of its supposed ally over the 1956 Suez invasion undermined the anglophile Eisenhower's faith in Britain as an ally, so the Grenada invasion and American deception over it has opened even Mrs Thatcher's eyes to the one-sidedness of what she thought was a special relationship.

For other European governments other aspects of Reaganite foreign policy have been equally disturbing. Above all the Middle East. In the past year the speed with which the world has advanced towards major power military confrontation as a result of the ignorant and ill-timed blunderings of American policy has unnerved all European governments. American foreign policy has fallen into the hands of a small clique who seem to know nothing of the complexities of social and political conflict in areas like the Middle East, Southern Africa and Central America and whose only response to any situation seems to be to send the marines.

SO THIS is a moment when Mrs Thatcher in particular will want to strengthen rather than undermine a sense of European identity and European policy. There is therefore now also a strong political motive for not allowing the EEC to fall apart over a book-keeping squabble. The search for compromise will therefore resume in earnest after Christmas.

All the signs are that the compromise will involve a sellout of what has been the basic EEC British negotiating position for years. Mrs Thatcher and successive governments before her have said that the Common Agricultural Policy is a financial and political obscenity. Farm prices are continuously raised despite huge structural surpluses in most sectors. The resulting unsaleable output is denatured, stored, even destroyed, or dumped in other markets. Fundamental reform of this system, we have insisted, would have to come when the Community reached its revenue ceilings.

But what is now likely to emerge is something quite different. The French in particular have fought a long rearguard action against giving Mrs Thatcher a *permanent* solution to the problem of the UK's EEC budget rebate, precisely because they wanted it finally to be settled at the same time and as part of new agreements to increase total EEC revenues. Mrs Thatcher will now be offered the permanent arrangement that she has been seeking since 1979 and in future British governments will no longer have to go with humiliating cap in hand to ask ad hoc for our share of the money back.

But the quid pro quo will not be radical reform of the CAP. It will be providing the EEC with more funds. Given the politics of the EEC, that will mean primarily increasing the money available to continue to put up farm incomes. Mrs Thatcher's face may be saved by the compromise. But the only real result will be a shift in the burden of supporting the regressive CAP from the taxpayer to the consumer. Any compromise on these lines should be attacked as the sham that it will be. □

CHRISTMAS DOUBLE ISSUE

Next week's special issue will include . . .

- Beatrix Campbell on her Orwell
- Gavin Kitching analysing the Left's ghetto
- Lynne Jones – a year at Greenham Common
- Margaret Hilda Roberts's diary
- Anthony Barnett – Sino-Soviet relations
- Aidan Higgins on North Africa

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Tories tell contractors to use sweated labour

SINCE THE end of September the government has been deliberately working to reduce the pay of cleaners employed by companies with government contracts. A typical example involves the Ministry of Defence. We have a copy of a letter from a W. P. Jervis of the MoD Procurement Executive to companies with MoD cleaning contracts.

The letter points out that the 'Fair Wages Resolution' of the House of Commons which had been in effect for over 90 years lapsed by deliberate act of government policy on 21 September. From that date government contractors have not by law been required to pay proper public sector wage rates, or holiday pay and other entitlements.

MoD policy as revealed in the letter has been not only to base all future contracts on the 'sweated labour' rates prevalent in the cleaning industry, but to insist that even all *existing* contracts with more than six months to run should also be reviewed. Under this pressure in a cut-throat industry, companies have already reduced their hourly rates for this work at anti-social hours to as little as £1.50 and have ended holiday pay.

The House of Commons originally passed the Fair Wages Resolution in 1891 in response to revelations of sweated labour in industry. Its purpose was to ensure that at least the government in letting its own contracts did not encourage 'sweating'. Last December, after a perfunctory debate, the House agreed to a government proposal to 'rescind' the resolution.

The move was linked with the policy of privatisation. The government was clearing the decks to enable private companies to bid for central and local government contracts on the basis of undercutting public sector wage rates. Norman Tebbit tried to cover what was happening by claiming that the Resolution, which originally tried to ensure that wages paid were those 'generally accepted as current in each case for a competent workman', was now just a 'traditional piece of the furniture', and increasingly irrelevant.

But in the debate last December the government gave categoric assurances on which it has now cheated. Michael Alison, then Minister of State, now Mrs Thatcher's PPS, said: 'In practice the government will continue to set an example . . . The example is a good one. It is that those placing contracts should not attempt to interfere with the pay and conditions agreed by contractors and their employees.'

The letter in our possession shows that the MoD is not abiding by either the spirit or letter of that assurance. It contradicts even more flatly Mr Tebbit's then stated determination to 'scotch the myth . . . that by rescinding the Resolution we shall be attacking the low paid, or at least removing from them a real protection'.

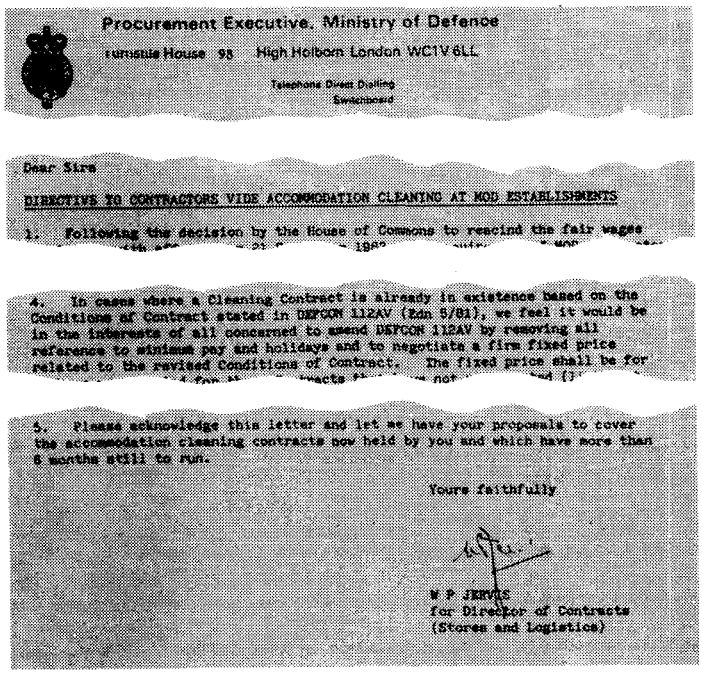
It is ironic that in supporting a revised Resolution from the Tory front bench in 1946 Harold Macmillan predicted what has happened:

> The time may come when we shall have some new economy drive . . . with the Treasury trying to cut down the expenditure of Departments by forcing them to take contracts brought down somehow to the lowest possible figure. When that happens, this motion . . . will no doubt be . . . once again the great protection of the standard of life of the mass of the wage earning classes and the long-built up traditions of cooperation between industry, both from the employing and the working side.

Until 21 September that remained the case. But not now.

Hugh Stephenson

Ministry of Defence's letter forcing contractors to pay 'sweated labour' rates



Procurement Executive, Ministry of Defence

Tumstile House 98 High Holborn London WC1V 6LL

Telephone Direct Dialling Switchboard

Dear Sirs

DIRECTIVE TO CONTRACTORS VIDE ACCOMMODATION CLEANING AT MOD ESTABLISHMENTS

1. Following the decision by the House of Commons to rescind the fair wages

4. In cases where a Cleaning Contract is already in existence based on the Conditions of Contract stated in DEFCON 112AV (Edn 5/81), we feel it would be in the interests of all concerned to amend DEFCON 112AV by removing all reference to minimum pay and holidays and to negotiate a firm fixed price related to the revised Conditions of Contract. The fixed price shall be for

5. Please acknowledge this letter and let me have your proposals to cover the accommodation cleaning contracts now held by you and which have more than 6 months still to run.

Yours faithfully

W P JERVIS
for Director of Contracts
(Stores and Logistics)

NS by-election service on TV

THE CONSERVATIVES have regained the lead in local by-elections, according to the first analysis of results undertaken by BBC-TV's *Newsnight* in co-operation with the *NS*.

For the past two years we have published details of the shifting fortunes of the parties at local level. Now, by joining forces with *Newsnight*, we shall be able to provide a fuller analysis. On the BBC's election computer facilities at Nuffield College, Oxford, batches of results will be adjusted to take account of any political and geographical bias in the mix of seats that are contested this month.

The first results, broadcast on Wednesday night, cover the past five weeks, when 53,529 votes were cast in 41 wards. After the computer adjustments have been made, the national shares of support are: Conservative 35%, Labour 32%, Liberal/SDP 30%.

It appears that the Tories overhauled Labour by turning in an unusually good performance last week. After a fallow period, the Conservatives gained three seats – two from Labour, one from the Liberals. In the short run at least, Labour's support has slipped from its October/November levels, while the Alliance's support has held up (although the Liberals lost one seat last week, they gained two others).

Details of the *Newsnight*/*NS* election survey will appear at regular intervals in the new year.

Peter Kellner

David Fowler

Patrick Jenkin ordered to obey the law

Court backs GLC against minister

THE GREATER London Council won a major victory over Environment Secretary Patrick Jenkin in the High Court last week.

The issue at stake was the statutory consultation over the Greater London Development Plan, London's planning blueprint. The GLC wants to change this plan to encourage the growth of jobs in the capital and to control office development.

The GLC has to consult the public over these changes. But under the 1971 Town and Country Planning Act the Secretary of State for the Environment has to lay regulations before Parliament which prescribe the timetable for public consultation.

Between 1981 and 1983 the GLC and the Department of the Environment discussed the regulations that would be needed. However, after the general election Patrick Jenkin wrote to the GLC that he was not going to lay down the consultation timetable. He said there was no point because the government intended to abolish the GLC.

The GLC took Jenkin to court, saying that it wanted to change the development plan and that Jenkin had a duty to make the regulations. The judge, Mr Justice Hodgson, rejected Jenkin's argument, saying that if the executive did not want to comply with an act of Parliament because of its own 'political posture' then the courts would intervene to uphold the legislation.

Hodgson awarded costs against the government. Earlier this week the Department of the Environment was still studying the judgment and said that it was up to the minister to decide whether to appeal or not.

Mick Hamer

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Reactors come under pressure

NEW DOUBTS over nuclear safety could be raised over the next few months with the publication of two major reports on the pressurised water reactor (PWR). Both the Institution of Professional Civil Servants (IPCS), containing many high-ranking members in the nuclear industry, and an important safety advisory committee, ACSNI, are expected to publish reports on PWR safety before the Sizewell Inquiry has completed its examination of safety issues, due to begin in mid-January.

While the precise tone and content of these two reports is hard to predict, the PWR lobby – primarily the Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB) – will not find their conclusions very comforting. For this reason there will doubtless be some hardliners arguing for the suppression of both documents – but their arguments are unlikely to prevail.

In 1978 the IPCS produced a very damaging confidential critique of key assumptions on the integrity of PWR pressure vessels. Although that report has now been buried – MPs cannot get copies of it – an authoritative new report prepared by about ten senior nuclear scientists is to be considered soon by the IPCS's national executive committee.

Sources within the industry say that this report, which will cover all the major safety issues, will be more diplomatically worded than before but will nevertheless highlight remaining doubts and cause difficulties for the CEGB.

ACSNI – the Advisory Committee on the Safety of Nuclear Installations, which reports via the Health and Safety Commisssion to the Energy Secretary Peter Walker – set up a study group to investigate the problems caused by a 'loss-of-coolant' accident in spring this year. The results of their work are now being discussed by the main ACSNI committee, which seems likely to authorise publication in the new year.

Divisions among the nuclear safety experts on ACSNI have historically reflected the industry's major internal disagreements over the wisdom of building a PWR as opposed to a British-designed advanced gas-cooled reactor. Their previous report on aspects of PWR safety, published in 1982, was a carefully worded compromise reserving judgement on vital areas until more work had been done.

One of the issues of controversy within the latest study group was the accuracy of the computer programmes used to model the extreme temperatures and pressures likely to result from a major loss-of-coolant accident. Some, including Professor R. T. Ackroyd, a technical manager with the UK Atomic Energy Authority at Risley in Cheshire, feel that the dangers revealed might be real, while others dismiss them as 'quirks' of the computer codes.

Ackroyd, a prominent critic of the PWR within the industry, had to threaten a minority report to force ACSNI to include some critical statements in its last study (see *NS* 22 July 1983).

Rob Edwards

MISCELLANY

Bashing the boss

Last week's *Observer* claimed that Rupert Murdoch's recent comments about Margaret Thatcher ('She's gone out of her mind') had not been reported in any of Murdoch's British newspapers. This is slightly unfair to the *Sunday Times*'s political editor Hugo Young, who – while not actually naming his proprietor – has managed to publish a stern rebuke to the old brute. 'Paul Johnson,' Young wrote, 'deems her a very ordinary woman, and others reckon she's off her head'. The identity of the 'others' is clear enough. Young went on to describe Paul Johnson 'and his friends' (*videlicet* Rupert Murdoch) as 'the extremist fringe' whose 'facile instructions' could only fortify Thatcher's popular support. How long before Hugo Young himself is the subject of a facile instruction from Rupe to Andrew 'Two Chauffeurs' Neil, the peculiar new editor of the *Sunday Times*?

Women and song

We were all very excited to hear that 'Two Chauffeurs' was to appear on *Woman's Hour* last week. We assumed that he would be asked to elaborate on his view of 'the *Sunday Times* woman', a strange figure who made her debut in the paper a couple of weeks after he assumed the editorship. Here is what his paper said about her then: 'The *Sunday Times* woman is energetic. Sometimes she hits the headlines for an adventurous exploit. More often she is campaigning for something that matters, working hard as a magistrate, or simply doing an ordinary job very well indeed. She cares for others, too. She has time for her friends, even though her life is busy. She's a best friend to her family. She a best friend to herself.' Regrettably, the *Woman's Hour* presenter, Sue MacGregor, failed to ask 'Two Chauffeurs' about all this. Instead, she asked him to nominate a piece of music which he'd like to hear. He chose 'Funiculi Funicula'.

Nott telling

Last month the Defence Manufacturers' Association held its annual dinner; and a grand evening it was too, full of death merchants clad in black. Only one journalist was considered responsible enough to be allowed to attend this feast. He was Jon Connell of the *Sunday Times*. Well done, Jon!

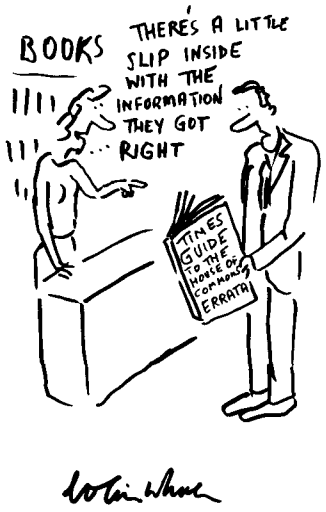
PS; The same Jon Connell is preparing the authorised biography of John Nott, the former defence secretary. One wonders how Connell is going to fill a whole book on the subject. More to the point, who's going to buy it? We can only suppose that Connell has discovered an 'interesting' side to Nott's character of which the public has hitherto been unaware.

Whitehall gold

We have just received copies of the annual report of the British Atlantic Committee (BAC), one of the plethora of official and quasi-official campaigns against CND. The BAC had been in the doldrums for years until CND came along. This year, the accounts disclose, its subsidy from the Foreign Office to propagandise on behalf of NATO and the Atlantic Alliance has more than doubled, from £26,500 to £58,000. BAC also came under attack for abusing its charitable status by carrying out political campaigning, and therefore spawned a propaganda offshoot called Peace Through NATO. Among the BAC's Council members are Brynmor John, the Labour MP, and Peter Snow, the BBC commentator.

They are a-changing

Early quiz to help you limber up for next week. First, what do the new Speaker, Bernard Weatherill, junior environment minister William Waldegrave and SDP survivor



Robin Maclennan

Robert Maclennan have in common? And, second, what do Chelsea and Edgbaston have in common? Answers: 1) Their names are all mis-spelt in the *Times Guide to the House of Commons*, along with nine other MPs. 2) Both are safe Tory seats that have crept by mistake into the book's list of marginals. This information, and much more besides, comes from the year's most satisfying publication: *The Times Guide Errata* sheet (free from Times Books, 16 Golden Square, London W1). When we had a mild dig at the book some weeks ago we only scratched the surface. *Errata* lists 52 mistakes. Sadly, David Atkinson (C. Bournemouth East) never was a member of 'Wessex County Council', only boring old Essex. Even more sadly, Gordon Brown (Lab, Dunfermline East, 'aged 58') has not discovered the secret of eternal youth suggested by his boyish features. We now learn he was born in 1951. Still, we can take comfort from the fact that not even *Errata* is infallible. Jeremy Corbyn, it tells us, 'is a member of Haringey Borough Council'. Oh no he isn't: he resigned straight after his election as MP for Islington North.

Left out

Something decidedly odd is happening at *New Left Review*. Ten of the 20 members of the paper's editorial committee have resigned (among them Anthony Barnett, Juliet Mitchell and Fred Halliday), but no one wants to talk about it. 'Leave the story alone,' one committee member growled. Eventually we managed to coax a few words out of Robin Blackburn. 'It was not an ideological dispute,' he said. There had been some disagreements about management; there had also been a personality clash but it was 'not enormously significant or permanent'. Eight of the ten ex-members had not attended any meetings for a long time. He promised that there would be a statement in the next issue of *New Left Review*. We can hardly wait.

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Detained at the Home Office's pleasure

A YOUNG Asian man is still in prison, more than four months after he should have been released, because of the Home Office's use of an anomaly in the immigration laws.

Towards the end of his two-year jail sentence for burglary, Hardial Singh, a 25-year-old Bradford foundry worker, was told by the Home Office that he was to be deported to India under Schedule 3 of the 1971 Immigration Act because his continued residence in Britain was 'not conducive to the public good'. He did not appeal against the decision as he was afraid of prolonging his time in prison. Thanks to the deportation order, his sentence was shortened by 23 days.

But when his 'release' date came, he was merely transferred to the remand wing of Durham prison, put in a cell with two other men and kept locked up for 23 hours a day. He lost the privileges he had had as a long-term prisoner – notably the right to work.

The delay seems to have been caused by a mix-up between the Home Office and the Indian High Commission about Singh's travel documents. But no one appears to be in a hurry to sort it out. Four and a half months later he is still in jail. In October he tried to kill himself by slashing his wrists.

Now Bradford Law Centre is challenging the Home Secretary's theoretical power to keep someone like Singh in prison indefinitely under a deportation order. According to Schedule 3 of the 1971 Act, the Home Office has two choices: it can either keep people in prison pending deportation or impose restrictions of residence and reporting to a police station, similar to bail conditions.

The Law Centre argues that Hardial Singh has a cousin in Bradford who is prepared to put him up, and there is therefore no reason for keeping him in jail a moment longer. But the Home Office says that it does not allow bail in deportation cases because of the 'obvious dangers' of people disappearing.

Last week in the High Court, an application of *habeas corpus* was adjourned when the judge, Mr Justice Woolf, agreed that Singh had an arguable case and ordered the Home Office to come and give reasons for his continued detention.

According to Home Office figures, 960 people were detained under the Immigration Acts last year – 110 being the average number in English or Welsh prisons on any day. Some of these were alleged illegal entrants, but many would have been people like Hardial Singh on deportation orders. The Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants has calculated that deportees spend an average 55 days in prison, but sojourns of up to 18 months have been known.

Ros Franey

Screws turned on prisoner

CIRUS NOOR, the supporter of the Colin Roach campaign allegedly assaulted by prison officers in the visiting room of Pentonville, has been disciplined by prison authorities as a result of the incident (*NS* 25 November).

He was found guilty by internal adjudications of disobedience and attempted assault and sentenced to a total of 28 days' loss of remission and five days' solitary confinement. But, despite the clear ruling of the High Court in the Leyland case on 8 November (involving prisoners disciplined after the Albany riot in May) that all relevant witnesses must be available at internal prison hearings, no witness was called. Ace Kelly, chairman of the Stoke Newington and Hackney Defence Campaign, had been visiting Noor when the incident took place.

The authorities are now trying to suggest that Noor is mentally disturbed. Home Office spokesman Ian Porter has made 'off the record' remarks to inquiring journalists to the effect that Noor was both violent and mentally disturbed. Noor says he was being held in the hospital wing, daily visited by psychiatrists and told that if he didn't take his 'treatment' he would be 'sectioned' – classified as mentally disturbed and put in a psychiatric institution.

It is not unusual for the Home Office to equate protest by young black prisoners with insanity. Richard 'Cartoon' Campbell died in Ashford Remand Centre in 1980 after being classified as mentally disturbed – although he was examined by an independent psychiatrist who found him 'lucid' and without any sign of mental illness.

Noor, who was awaiting trial at the time of the incident, was acquitted at the Old Bailey last week on four charges of attempted arson at Bethnal Green police station. He was convicted on two lesser charges of possession of an offensive weapon and was sentenced to two years in prison.

In court he was coherent and rational. He claimed that he had the offensive weapon – milk bottles filled with paraffin – as a protest to draw attention to the death of Colin Roach.

Terry O'Halloran

African exiles fear new Act

MEMBERS OF southern African liberation movements in Britain might be subject to the provisions of the new Prevention of Terrorism Act, not for any crime committed in Britain but for the 'terrorism' involved in fighting the South African government.

This is not the intention of the Bill, according to Home Office ministers who have promised liberation movements that their status will not be affected by the legislation. But the Bill, now in its committee stage, is so drafted as to make them and their supporters in Britain liable to detention for up to seven days on suspicion of acts which are not in themselves illegal in Britain.

The liberation movements suspect that the Bill was drawn up specifically to allow intelligence-gathering from members while in detention. According to the National Council for Civil Liberties, the Bill creates no new offences in relation to international terrorism; hence those who could not be charged under the existing law would only be detained under the new law to be questioned.

Home Office minister David Waddington said in committee last week that the government was committed to making the powers in the Bill available against international terrorists plotting attacks in this country or conspiring terrorist acts against British interests abroad. This would seem to rule out action against liberation movements just for fighting against apartheid in southern Africa, but to ensure that this interpretation will prevail the text of the Bill would have to be amended.

Home Secretary Leon Brittan has offered instead to exclude the liberation movements from the provisions of the Bill through 'guidance' which would be issued to the police by him. This would parallel the 'advice' issued by the Home Office in relation to the 1976 Act, to exclude acts of terrorism not connected to the affairs of Northern Ireland. However, this has no legal standing and would be revokable, possibly by some future government even more inclined to yield to Pretoria's wishes.

Opinion in the parliamentary committee, including some Tories, was opposed to the prospect of government by means of letters of guidance to the police, and in the end Waddington promised to reconsider the possibility of amending the text. He was not hopeful that this could be done.

The proceedings in committee are made interesting by the membership of the extreme right winger Harvey Proctor, who believes that the term 'resistance-fighter' is a weasel-word and who manages to introduce his antipathy to immigrants from the new Commonwealth and Pakistan into debate on the Bill.

Suzanne Cronje

Officer denies hitting Asian

A POLICE officer giving evidence at the trial of the 'Newham 8' was accused last week of having assaulted Asian youths after arresting them.

Delano Bart, defence counsel for Uthaya Kumar Arumugan, suggested that PC Neville of the District Support Unit had used a truncheon and kicked Arumugan twice in the stomach while he was in a police van. Helena Kennedy, for Gurjait Singh Hunjan, alleged that PC Neville had grabbed her client's turban, pulled it off, called him 'Paki filth' and then thrown the turban across the room. PC Neville denied both accusations.

Superintendent Anthony Marriage of Forest Gate police station told the jury that there had been daily patrols around Little Ilford School before the incident last September which led to the arrests. He described fighting between Asian schoolchildren and older white youths from outside the school as 'just playground incidents'.

It was much worse than that, suggested Lord Gifford, representing three of the defendants. He said that a week before the alleged incident, white youths armed with weapons attacked Asian children; four days later an Asian boy was assaulted and hospitalised; then, two days before the police clash, a gang of 60 to 70 white youths were roaming in East Ham High Street.

Inspector Austin Ferguson, community liaison officer at K Division, said he sat on various committees for racial equality, and at the monthly meetings community leaders had expressed concern about racial attacks. but he denied defence suggestions that there was a 'total crisis of confidence'. The defence alleged that Asians had stopped reporting incidents because of passport examinations at the police station. The inspector replied that technically there was nothing wrong with passport checks.

Detective Inspector Ashley Mucklow, who supervised the investigation, was accused by Lord Gifford of a 'monstrous escalation' of charges against the defendants. At first, on 24 September 1982, they had been charged with threatening behaviour; then on 17 December they were charged with conspiracy to assault. On 17 November 1983 the prosecution dropped the conspiracy charges. All eight in the dock now face charges of causing an affray and various individual charges of possessing offensive weapons.

Zubaida Motala

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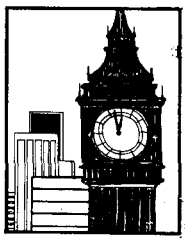

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Why monetarism can't pay off its debts before the year 2000

IT HAS BEEN a bad autumn for the government. Cecil Parkinson, the health cuts, Grenada, and now the Common Market: events have conspired to portray Mrs Thatcher and her ministers no longer in control of events.

Against that catalogue of failure, however, must be set one significant fountain of hope: that the economy is on the mend. If your average Conservative MP believes what the Treasury says, gross domestic product will rise by 3 per cent both this year and next. Unemployment, which seems to have stopped rising, should start to fall. If these trends continue for another four years, the Tories could enter the next election proclaiming not the rather sheepish plea 'Monetarism needs time: give us another five years', but the bolder assertion 'See, monetarism does work'.

If such a claim is made, and if it is believed, then Mrs Thatcher can endure quite a few more Common Market bust-ups, transatlantic arguments and ministerial sex scandals. The central plank along which she walked to power will be shown to be made of fine, seasoned timber, and not to be full of rot after all. Since the long-term prospects for the Left, not to mention the health service, our schools system and nuclear defence policy may well turn on perceptions of the government's economic record in 1987 or 1988, it is worth looking at what that record might be.

To do so we must first backtrack to 1979. Under Labour the economy had been edging forward at an average annual growth rate of 2 per cent. It was not enough, said the Tory manifesto: 'Even in the depression of the 1930s the British economy progressed more than it has under this Labour government . . . Our country's relative decline is not inevitable. We in the Conservative Party think we can reverse it.'

Since then, as we all know, the economy has stagnated even further. This year's gross domestic product, according to the Treasury's latest forecast, will be a miserly 0.3 per cent higher than in the year Mrs Thatcher came to power. If, instead, the economy had grown at a steady 2 per cent a year – the rate the Tories said was so dreadful – output would have been £18 billion higher this year (1980 prices used here and throughout this article). There would have been room to continue expanding our health and education services, pay pensioners more, and still cut taxes.

Cumulatively, the picture is even more striking. The total difference in output between 1980 and 1983 between what it has been under the Tories and what it would have been had growth continued at 2 per cent a year is £68 billion, or £4,000 per household.

These are mind-numbing figures; but there are more to come. Suppose Britain's Thatcherite economy continues to grow at 3 per cent a year for ever more. Slowly the economy would start to catch up with the might-have-been Britain of laggardly 2 per cent a year growth from 1979 on. But that gap would not have closed by the time of the next election. In 1987, gross domestic product under bright no-nonsense monetarist policies would have risen to £264 billion; but under bad old Labour's discredited growth rate it would still be £9 billion higher. And the cumulative loss of output over eight years would have risen to £118 billion – or £7,000 per household.

In fact, it is not until 1991 that a three-per-cent-from-now-on growth path would overtake a two-per-cent-from-1979 growth path. And by that time the cumulative loss of output would have reached £130 billion. After that, the three-per-cent economy would start to draw away from the two-per-cent economy; but even so, it would not be until 1999 that the output 'debt' would have been paid off and the total output under Thatcher's strategy would exceed that of the growth-path she has repudiated so fiercely. It would not be until the Conservatives' fifth term of office that they could unambiguously claim to have redeemed their pledges of 1979.

EVEN THOSE salutary calculations, however, require the bold assumption that the economy *will* grow by 3 per cent a year for the rest of the 1980s and then continue through the 1990s. In other words the calculations require a firm belief that we are now beginning to harvest the fruit of the monetarist miracle – that the behaviour of firms and workers has undergone a fundamental change for the better.

The Treasury wisely makes no public predictions of this kind. Its latest forecast, published last month, takes us only to the end of next year. Other forecasters are less coy. Here is what five of them predict for growth in gross domestic product for each of the next four years:

	1984 %	1985 %	1986 %	1987 %
NIESR	1.0	1.4	1.5	1.6
Henley Centre	2.4	1.5	1.3	1.5
London Business School	2.5	2.5	1.7	1.0
Phillips & Drew	2.4	0.9	1.2	1.5
Simon & Coates	2.0	0.9	0.9	1.1

Now all forecasts are liable to error, and medium-term forecasts particularly so. Yet there are a number of points still worth making.

First, every one of the five is gloomier than the Treasury about next year's prospects. So is the Confederation of British Industry, which does not publish long-range forecasts. Ministers have been quoting CBI survey results to justify their claims of recovery; but the CBI itself expects only 2 per cent growth next year.

Second, all five forecasters expect the mid-80s to be a period of economic stagnation. Their precise figures differ, but they agree (a) that the recovery will run out of steam sometime between 1984 and 1986; and (b) none of the five expect growth to reach 2 per cent, let alone 3 per cent, in either 1986 or 1987. The significance of this point is that the present recovery is seen not as a triumphant vindication of Mrs Thatcher's intention to transform economic behaviour, but rather a short-lived bounce back from an unusually deep slump.

Their broadly common analysis of what is now happening is that consumer spending is rising faster than income and manufacturers have started stockbuilding again. Both are, by their nature, temporary phenomena: it is not the *amount* of consumer spending or stockbuilding that influences the growth rate, but their *rate of change*. Sooner rather than later both will revert to a more normal relationship with the economy as a whole; then the days of 3 per cent growth will be over.

There are two forecasters whose predictions differ from those above. One is this column's old friend, Patrick Minford of Liverpool University. The other is Michael Beenstock of London's City University. They retain their faith in Mrs Thatcher's strategy and foresee wonderful times ahead.

So far I can see no reason to take either seriously. Minford has been publishing his forecasts since Mrs Thatcher came to power. Before the recession he denied it would happen. When it started he denied it would be either deep or lasting. When it turned out to be both he claimed the government was right, but the people were wrong. He thus made the simplest error of all: to describe economic behaviour as he though it should be, rather than as it is. Minford has given no indication that he has mended his ways.

Beenstock may turn out to be a different kettle of monetarist fish. He has only recently started publishing his forecasts, so there is no track record on which to assess him. If the economy really does grow by 5 per cent next year, as he predicts, I shall be mightily surprised – and so (I predict) will be the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Nigel Lawson. □

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PRISON

Women behind bars

Melissa Benn and Chris Ryder-Tchaikovsky look into the cases of women who have died in British prisons and find a record of callous unconcern

WOMEN RELEASED from prison who return to London are now to get help with housing, education and regaining the care of their children, thanks to a grant of £59,968 awarded this week by the GLC. Those still inside are less fortunate. Prisons are still autonomous, Home Office 'protectorates', their inmates subjected to complete and arbitrary control, abused by mediaeval degradations and a lack of care than can result in cruel, and avoidable, deaths.

Fifteen women have died in prison since 1975. Behind this bare statistic is a story, told by prisoners, ex-prisoners, prison reform groups and official sources, of fire hazards, medical neglect and preventable suicides.

The Home Office acknowledges that, along with Manchester and Risley, Holloway has the worst fire record of all prisons. Patricia Cummings burned to death there in 1974. The event was barely reported, but prisoners serving time with her report that the lever which operated her emergency bell had been bent back and that her cries for help went unheard. Shocked by her death, they formed themselves into the Prisoners' Action Group – barricaded, petitioned and went on strike. Attempts were made to confront three investigators from (the prisoners were told) the Home Office, but the protesters were pulled away. The supposed 'ringleaders' were 'put behind the door' (lost rights and privileges) and the protest ended.

Julie Potter also died from burns. In 1981 she was transferred from Holloway to Mount Vernon Burns Unit with a 35 per cent full thickness burn. The burn was grafted but didn't take well and there was the added complication of sepsis. A blood clot formed in her leg vein; the clot broke up and a portion flowed from her leg vein, passing through her heart and causing death.

The life history of Julie Potter is not untypical of many of the 'criminals' that fill prisons. Moved from a succession of foster homes and children's institutions, Julie was repeatedly brought before the courts for running away. At 17 she was sentenced to borstal training; in 1980 she was sentenced to 18 months imprisonment for causing actual bodily harm.

The timing of events leading up to her death is important. Five weeks before her earliest release date of 30 September, she said that she wanted to die and was going to set herself alight. The threat was noted and Julie was transferred to the segregation unit where matches are not permitted. And yet, the *next day*, at her own request, she was returned to the normal prison routine. Twenty four hours later, she carried out her threat. Screams were heard coming from her cell at 6.30 pm. She had been alone, with matches, her cell-mate having left the wing for a class.

At the inquest it was claimed that it only took three minutes to open her cell door; but, according to innumerable reports received from ex-inmates and staff, it was nearer eight minutes before the cell door was opened. Ex-prisoners also tell us that the two officers who heard her screams went to her door but left her locked in while they went to ask the regulating officer what to do. This is consistent with a call that Women in Prison (WIP) received from an officer, who wished to remain anonymous. She told us that a Principal Officer in Holloway at the time (name also withheld) was so disgusted with her colleagues that she requested a transfer to another prison.

BEFORE HER transfer to Mount Vernon, Julie Potter told a prison nursing sister that an officer had upset her and that she didn't expect the fire to take hold so quickly. The jury at the inquest accepted this hearsay evidence that she had not intended suicide and returned a verdict of accidental death, with the proviso that that the coroner could put forward any recommendations to prevent similar fatalities. But what recommendation can a coroner make that would make any difference to the way prison staff treat prisoners like Julie Potter? Her transfer from the segregation unit only 24 hours after threatening to take her life, and being given the means to fulfil that threat, shows a degree of irresponsibility that no coroner's recommendation can override. Julie Potter was 21 when she died; she had an IQ of 69 – in other words, of a 12-year-old child with Down's Syndrome. Prisons and borstals are not only places of punishment for 'villains', they are also a dumping ground for disadvantaged members of the community.

The Home Office, not local fire inspectors, is responsible for fire safety in prisons; but, whoever is in control, it does not affect the danger *per se*. As a special report in *Fire and Safety News* states: 'There is no place like prisons for fire and safety hazards.'

One of the biggest dangers to prisoners is the mattresses. Made from a non-fire-retarded polyurethane foam, they ignite easily and emit toxic smoke. In this, however, the prisoners do have a safeguard. The Prison Officers' Association (POA) is more than aware of the danger of fire to its members and has taken the initiative in getting the mattresses replaced, at a cost of £1 million to the Home Office. An August report in *Prison Service News* heralded the arrival of the replacements: 'They are made up of thin layers of specially treated flame retarded polyurethane.' The mattresses are to be introduced in phases – Holloway, Manchester and Risley, the most dangerous prisons, are to be equipped first.

The line between intentional and accidental harm is hard to draw when examining the 'facts' of a prison incident. Boredom, frustration and resistance to prison authority incite women to injure themselves in a number of ways: cutting themselves; setting fire to their clothing and bedding; throwing themselves around and at the walls of their cells. Proper medical care could minimise the harm, but the inadequacy of the Prison Medical Service is well documented. So is the BMA's sluggishness on the issue. Geoff Coggan of PROP has written: 'Private expressions of "dismay, deep dismay" cannot absolve senior and respected members of the medical establishment of complicity in what is happening in the prison medical service.'

In 1974, Chris Ryder was in prison with a woman who miscarried her baby on the Allocation wing. The immediate response of the night officer was to push a sanitary towel through the Judas eye in her cell door. Fellow prisoners, including Pat Arrowsmith, tried to persuade her to make what had

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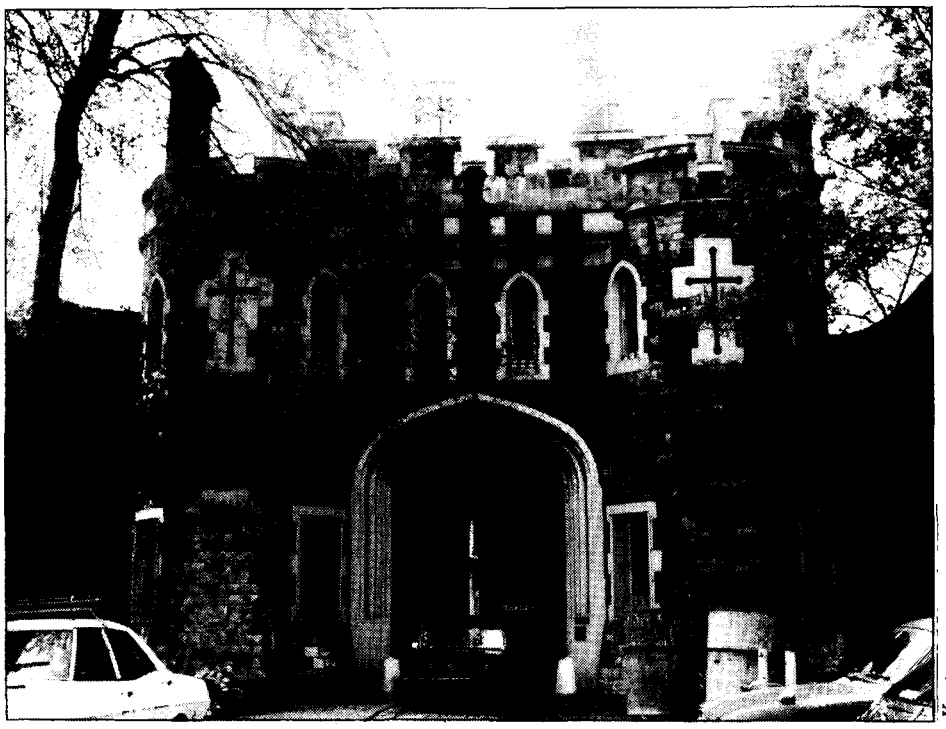

Keystone

Behind these walls: in some respects the new prisons are worse than the old

happened public, because the same treatment could be meted out to other women coming to the prison. She refused because she was afraid that it would influence her chances of six weeks parole.

IN 1981, Yvonne Lapas, a 56-year-old Belgian woman, was received into Holloway. She was remanded from Ramsgate magistrates' court awaiting trial on a drugs charge. According to a letter that we received from the Belgian Embassy after Yvonne's death, ironic in the light of its circumstances, 'Mrs Lapas was transferred to Holloway (from Pucklechurch) in view of the better medical treatment there.' Yvonne Lapas had a severe heart condition aggravated by chronic asthma. Although she spoke little English, her request for her heart tablets was perfectly clear to other inmates, although not, it would seem, to the prison medical officer. Placed on the hospital wing, she was allowed her asthma spray by day – but not when she most needed it, in her cell overnight. Yvonne Lapas suffered a severe asthma attack which was untreated for two to three hours. By the time help came, she had died of heart failure. A prisoner in the hospital wing at the time tells us that the only treatment that might have helped was oxygen and there was one *empty* oxygen bottle on the wing.

Yvonne Lapas, with chronic respiratory failure and a weak heart, should have been taken to an outside hospital immediately, but, as with many other sick prisoners before and since, the prison staff were loath to make the transfer. Very few women attempt to escape; the real reason for the officers' reluctance is the belief, entrenched in their training, that no prisoner can be trusted. If prisoners complain of illness, they are assumed to be malingering. Medically unqualified officers can (and do) screen women's medical needs when they make application to see the medical officer. (See *Women's Imprisonment* by Pat Carlen, published by RKP).

Maria Szigmond came to England after the Hungarian uprising in 1956. After her marriage broke down, she brought up her son alone. Under severe stress and suffering from depression she decided to take her own life; not wanting her son to be left alone, she killed him, then attempted suicide. She survived to receive a life sentence for murder and was sent to serve her time on 'H' Wing, Durham, recently described by Myra Hindley to Chris Ryder as 'a concrete coffin . . . oppressive, depressing and psychologically destructive'. Serving her time quietly, according to other prisoners, Maria became increasingly depressed. Familiar with the symptoms, she repeatedly requested some psychiatric help – which was refused. On her fortieth birthday, she hanged herself with her dressing gown cord, covering her eyes and mouth so that the officer finding her would not be distressed at the sight. She knew, from the death of her own son, how terrible the sight of a face is after strangulation.

HOWEVER CLEAR it might be that Maria's death was by suicide, within such a harsh and punitive system as prison it is difficult to disentangle suicide from misadventure, or accidental death. Christine Scott died in 1982 after throwing herself around the cell. Like Julie Potter, Christine had a long history of mental illness, a low IQ and 'poor personality resources'. She was sentenced to six months imprisonment for criminal damage (breaking a window pane), a sentence that so disturbed her doctor that he rang the magistrates' court to ask why the sentence had been imposed, why Christine had not been returned to the psychiatric ward at Hellesden Hospital, Norwich, where a permanent bed was kept for her.

Christine had already attempted suicide by drowning while on the remand wing in

'Good fences make good neighbours'

Robert Frost

And good neighbours make stout walls. At least that's what Mobil did in Southeast Essex.

There, as one of the region's biggest employers, the company initiated the Mobil Leigh Marsh Project in association with the Manpower Services Commission and Southend Borough Council. The object of the exercise, the first of its kind: to rebuild the Leigh Marsh nature reserve's sea wall and give jobs to 110 unemployed people in the process.

By the time the work was completed in late October – nine months after it began – more than 20 percent of those involved had managed to secure full-time jobs.

But that wasn't all that was secured. Behind the newly rebuilt sea-wall, more than a mile long, the permanent inhabitants of Leigh Marsh – Brent geese, lapwings, curlews, peewits, badgers, the marbled butterfly and a plethora of rare plants – are now safe from the ravages of the winter sea.

For information about how companies can help protect their communities from the ravages of unemployment, contact the Manpower Services Commission Employment Service Division.

Mobil

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Holloway. In prison, on 9 July, she caused a commotion and was taken to the hospital wing. The nurse who attended her in the evening stated at the inquest that she was in an 'hysterical state . . . all she wanted to do was to go home'. She kept calling for her mother. From the inquest transcript and the evidence of prison personnel watching over her that night, we learn that she banged around in her cell continuously; but no one saw any signs of injury. At eight o'clock the following morning, Christine was found unconscious and covered in bruises. She was taken to the Whittington hospital and then to the Royal Free. The next day she was dead of a 'subdural haemorrhage', probably caused by a blow to the head.

The case of Christine Scott could be being tragically re-enacted at this moment. On C1 Psychiatric Unit (callously known by prisoners and officers alike as the 'Muppet' Wing), another young prisoner (name withheld) is also screaming and throwing herself at the bricks and plaster walls of her cell. A recently released remand prisoner told us that this woman had a large lump on her forehead and other lacerations. The released prisoner came especially to WIP because she and other prisoners on the wing were fearful that this 'headbanging' would lead to a 'brain haemorrhage'.

Liz Phillipson, a political assistant to Jeremy Corbyn MP, on a recent visit to Holloway – which she describes as 'distressing' – also heard shouts and banging coming from a cell on C1.

Unlike the old Holloway, the new prison does not have padded cells. The reason for this, given by a doctor at the inquest on Christine Scott, was that padded cells are no longer considered suitable treatment for psychiatric patients. But padded cells are not needed to *treat* prisoners, but *protect* them.

And protection, or the lack of it, is at the heart of the crisis of imprisonment. In ensuring that the community is protected from the 'criminal elements' within it, we have also ensured that prisoners are afforded no protection whatsoever. □

Women in Prison can be contacted at 25 Horsell Road, London N5 1XL.

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PASSES AT A-LEVEL

The number of passes at A-level from different school systems 1962-77 was as follows, in thousands:

	State Schools	Public Schools
1962	99	24
1968	162	33
1971	183	34
1977	218	41

The old D.G. school figures were lower than the public schools. For more information, buy A. Armstrong's *State Education and Its Five Prime Ministers.* From bookshops, or by post £2.50 from **Broadway Publications, 13 White Lion House, Hatfield, Herts.** Also *Public School Power,* £2.

COUNTRYSIDE

Rural disaster

Catherine Caufield looks at an unworkable Act

CONSERVATIONISTS celebrate a glum December. The Wildlife and Countryside Act is two years old and Britain's nature reserves are under attack as never before. When the act was going through Parliament it was branded as unworkable and a disaster for conservation, but even its opponents did not foresee the extent to which farming interests would be able to exploit its loopholes to destroy beautiful habitats for profit. A survey by Wildlife Link, a consortium of 27 conservation groups, reveals that 14 per cent of Northampton's official nature reserves have been damaged or destroyed in the last two years. Norfolk's figure is 20 per cent.

Although the Nature Conservancy Council (NCC) has a legal duty to identify important nature reserves (called Sites of Special Scientific Interest, or SSSIs), it has no powers (apart from a never-used power of compulsory purchase) to prevent them from being destroyed. The act was an opportunity to give SSSIs the same kind of protection that historic buildings enjoy, but the government ignored it, insisting that the sites' best protection was the good will of the farmers.

In fact, the act has actually made SSSIs more vulnerable – by imposing a new burden on the NCC. It was told to 'renotify' all 4,000 existing SSSIs: that is, to find the owners and tell each one what the scientific interest of his or her site is, and how it could be destroyed. Only then will the council be able to use the delaying tactics that it is allowed in the war against owners' abuse.

This new duty has swamped the council, which has only 80 regional field officers. In two years, only 460 sites, 11 per cent of the total, have been renotified. At that rate the last one should be done in 1999. Meanwhile, of course, there is no time to monitor what is happening to existing SSSIs, or to designate new ones – candidates for which have been on the waiting list for years, and are under threat of development.

The 1949 act that created the Nature Conservancy Council obliged it to notify local authorities of all sites of special scientific interest. The new act, however, allows landowners three months in which to appeal against any new SSSI being officially listed. Some farmers take the consultation period as a handy reminder to go all out on 'improvements' before the council has the power to interfere. In other cases, the Council's advice about what not to do has been followed by those very things being done and causing the destruction of the scientific interest of the land.

Last July, the Shropshire Conservation Trust visited the new owner of *Marehay Marsh*. They explained to him that the several types of insect-eating plants and other rare wildlife species on the site depended upon its relatively high water table. Shortly afterwards, the owner put in a drainage system that destroyed the scientific interest.

Before the council could renotify Kirby Grives in Nottinghamshire, a SSSI that had had several species of wildflowers rare elsewhere in Britain, the owner burnt and ploughed up ten acres. Last year, during the three-month consultation period, a tenant farmer, David Greenfit, rotovated and reseeded 16 acres of a Yorkshire meadow that had 90 species of flowering plants, including a large colony of marsh orchids.

Even after a site is renotified, the owner is free to destroy it – unless the NCC can get him to accept a management agreement. These agreements are expensive because of the British farm owner's uniquely privileged position – protected by a private and so far inviolable welfare state. State benefits per farmer per year amount to an average of £13,000, according to Tory MP Richard Body. About 20 per cent of this consists of incentive payments to encourage higher output; another 70 per cent guarantees farmers a good price for that output. Two-thirds of our total agricultural support budget ends up in the pockets of the richest one-fifth of farmers, according to a report by the Socialist Countryside Group.* The result of cossetting the industry, it says, has been to make it inefficient, unhealthy (British milk has the highest antibiotic content of all countries), cruel to animals and destructive of rural life.

The government regards the incentives as the farmers' right. When farmers agree *not* to avail themselves of the grants available for ploughing up ancient meadows, converting mediaeval woodlands to conifer plantations, or draining rich wetlands, they are 'entitled' to compensation for what the Ministry of Agriculture would have paid them to carry out a damaging operation. When the Wildlife and Countryside Act was being debated, conservationists predicted that farmers would threaten to carry out 'improvements' simply for the sake of being bought off with a lucrative management agreement by the NCC. Council officers confirm that there has been a large increase in the number of applications for management agreements since the act became law, although the NCC will not release exact figures. According to John Bowers, an agricultural economist at Leeds University, paying for lost agricultural subsidies doubles the cost of protecting SSSIs. There is a danger not only that the council, whose budget is less than 2 per cent of the Ministry of Agriculture's, will run out of money, but also that the public will lose sympathy with conservation if the price for protecting valuable sites is pushed ludicrously high by the bloated agricultural budget. □

* Time for Reform – A Socialist Agricultural Policy, *30p, the Socialist Countryside Group, 9 Poland Street, London W1*

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WINDSCALE

Six years later . . .

Rob Edwards recalls an earlier Inquiry

AFTER LISTENING to 100 days of evidence at the 1977 Windscale Inquiry, Mr Justice Parker pronounced his verdict on the health risks of radiation emissions from the nuclear fuel reprocessing plant: 'I am encouraged to think that there has not been, is not and is not likely to be any real cause for alarm'. For good measure, he also made it clear that he thought that the plant's operators, British Nuclear Fuels Limited (BNFL), could be trusted to run a clean show.

Rarely have events proved so comprehensively wrong. In 1981 the government's Health and Safety Executive strongly condemned BNFL for allowing safety standards to deteriorate to an 'unsatisfactory level' in the early 1970s. In February the official watchdog, the National Radiological Protection Board, unexpectedly published a report which estimated that the accident at Windscale in 1957 caused 260 thyroid cancers, 13 of them fatal. Last month, Sir Douglas Black, former chief scientist at the DHSS, was asked to investigate allegations in a Yorkshire TV documentary that Windscale could be linked to the high number of local cancer deaths (see *New Statesman* 18 November). In the last few weeks the public has been warned about the beach near Windscale because of unusually high levels of radioactivity caused by BNFL's carelessness. This week they have been told not to touch sea debris in the area.

Parker's biggest gaffe, however, is not so widely appreciated. In 1977 he accepted, hook, line and sinker, BNFL's urgent plea to be allowed to start work immediately on its new thermal oxide reprocessing plant, the subject of the inquiry. He recommended, and the government agreed, that the development should go ahead 'without delay'. Now, six years on, no start has been made on the plant, largely because of BNFL's dilatoriness.

The bias of Parker's report has long been a bone of bitter contention among environmentalists. There can be no doubt that it did more to polarise the nuclear power issue than anything else. But the extent of his waywardness also raises important questions about the usefulness and fairness of public inquiries in dealing with major decisions about nuclear power.

Before the public inquiry into the Central Electricity Generating Board's plans to build a US-style pressurised water reactor at Sizewell in Suffolk opened at the beginning of this year, anti-nuclear power activists argued about whether or not they should organise a mass boycott. Those in favour included some of the most senior and moderate figures in the movement, many of whom had their fingers badly burnt at the Windscale inquiry. In the end, there was not enough support for this view from organisations like the Council for the Protection of Rural England and the Town and Country Planning Association.

Two major exceptions were the Political Ecology Research Group (which had played an important part in the Windscale inquiry) and Greenpeace (which has never had any faith in public inquiries). These two organisations, more than any other, can claim credit for the current furore over Windscale (for public relations reasons, now called Sellafield). The other major anti-nuclear power groups have been toiling away at the Sizewell inquiry – unnoticed and ineffective.

THE ARGUMENTS in favour of public inquiries can be fairly easily summarised. For a start, the longer and more complex an inquiry, the longer the project is delayed. Some argue that changing economic and political circumstances will thus inevitably result in cancellation. Such strategists note that the Sizewell inquiry might not finish until the end of 1984. These inquiries force the industry to justify its case in detail under close scrutiny – a process which is bound to reveal the holes in its argument.

The arguments against are perhaps more familiar. Everyone knows that inquiries are grossly 'unfair', because of the huge imbalance of resources between the two sides. Lay advocates, taking time off from other work, have to face up to the nuclear industry's legion of well-paid experts and lawyers, some of them earning more in a month than objecting groups have to fund their whole shoestring case.

The crunch question, of course, is to what extent such inquiries are 'organised conspiracies'. Few, when pressed, will accept such a simple theory. The prevailing view is rather that their bias is a product of commonplace establishment assumptions about technological progress and an almost inevitable result of decades of incremental decisions on nuclear power. In an important study of the Windscale inquiry*, Brian Wynne has argued that it was really a 'ceremonial of collective self-delusion', a kind of 'ritual catharsis', that served to legitimise an existing political decision.

The difficulty of reconciling the fact that the government is in favour of building Sizewell B with the supposed official purpose of the inquiry is highlighted by the strange role played by the Department of Energy. When pressed on this point during cross-examination, the Department's witness, Robert Priddle, reverted to a football analogy, supposing that 'for the first half I would play on the proponent's (i.e. the CEGB) side, but that at half-time I would take on the role of referee' – hardly a fairly conducted game.

Yet the hope that the underdog can still win at Sizewell persists. CEGB chairman Sir Walter Marshall was recently quoted as denying that the Sizewell inquiry was a charade. 'I would sleep rather better, and my colleagues and I would not need to work so hard, if we thought that were actually the case', he said. Marshall being an intensely political animal, there is probably more propaganda than reality in his words, but it is just possible that they contain an inkling of truth – and fear. □

*Brian Wynne, *Rationality and Ritual: The Windscale Inquiry and Nuclear Decisions in Britain*, The British Society for the History of Science, 1982.

THE JEWEL IN THE CROWN

9 January 1984

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NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

Toughening up

Sarah Benton reports from CND's annual conference on differences and shared beliefs and a new 'realistic' mood

WHEN CND met in Sheffield last year, it was still the nice people's movement. Rival fundamentalisms, of political naivety and political ultra-Leftism, clashed on the centre of the stage as Greenham Common women entered as an elemental new force in British politics. A year later, CND is a tougher and more sober organisation, tempered by 12 months of political work, both tedious and intense, and by a general election which withheld any easy victory. Thousands of its supporters have been arrested for 'direct action' during the year.

It is, in any case, not the same organisation; membership has increased by 60 per cent to almost 82,000 and people are now joining at the rate of over 1,000 a week. It has both won new converts and become the 'in' place for the Left. People who wouldn't have been seen dead near CND five years ago can scent the political life in the body and are drawn inexorably towards it.

As in many parts of the Left, CND, too, has been touched by a 'new realism'. It can be summed up in the statement Mike Pentz made on why he should be re-elected as one of its four Vice-Chairpersons:

> I would continue to understand **Campaign for** to mean: 'to do such things as seem likely *actually to bring about* as soon as possible, and refrain from doing such things as seem likely to have the opposite effect.' For me **nuclear disarmament** means world-wide (and hence multi-lateral) nuclear disarmament. I see a unilateral nuclear disarmament initiative by Britain as a vitally important step towards that goal.

What a new realism means in practice is that CND is more realistic about how hard it is to achieve political change, and that neither moral fervour nor revolutionary commitment offers a short cut. Its 2,000 delegates decided that it will still concentrate on removing, or abandoning cruise and Trident (with some attention given to Tornado), but will also 'divert resources' to the 'education of its membership and the public in various forms of non-nuclear, non-aggressive defence systems which do not involve weapons of mass destruction.' As Lynne Jones said in support of the motion, though she was a pacifist herself, she recognised that if thousands more people were to be converted, their fears about being left defenceless had to be satisfied.

More telling of the new mood were the resolutions on NATO (the results and significance of which *The Times* leader of 5 December managed to get upside down). Last year, against the impassioned pleas of E. P. Thompson and others, conference voted that CND *should* actively campaign for a policy of getting Britain out of NATO. In effect, the CND leadership ignored this instruction, for which they were roundly criticised in a motion from Peckham CND. Having declared its anger, this branch went on to repeat the instruction 'that in all future campaigning British withdrawal from NATO will be seen as a fundamental element of CND's demands for unilateral nuclear disarmament.' Conference refused to pass this, merely referring it to CND Council; it passed instead a pragmatic motion that 'Britain's withdrawal from NATO would be a positive step in the unravelling of both NATO and the Warsaw Pact.'

ALTHOUGH there were quite a few pro-Soviet communists present, critical of such even-handed treatment of the superpowers, most of the criticism came from the Labour Left/Socialist League axis that formed during the year. Their attack was on two fronts: first, on the assumed tendency of all leaders to sell out on their political aims; and second, on the authoritarian hand of a centralising bureaucracy which CND displayed when it closed down the Youth section and imposed minders on the Labour section.

During the Sunday afternoon debate on the two sections, the sharp phrases of Left sectarian debate spattered round the conference hall, raising cheers among the camp followers of this form of warfare and reproving remarks from Christian CND. As Walter Wolfgang asserted, it was as much about political tactics – and indeed political style – as about conflicts in belief. For, as he did not say, it is not at all clear what the function of Labour CND is now that the Labour Party has adopted unilateralism as its policy. For Joy Hurcombe, secretary of Labour CND and a fierce opponent of the Executive's action, there is no doubt: the section existed to stop the Labour Party compromising 'because we know that compromise is retreat.' By 1045 to 630 votes, delegates decided to remit the critical resolution to CND Council.

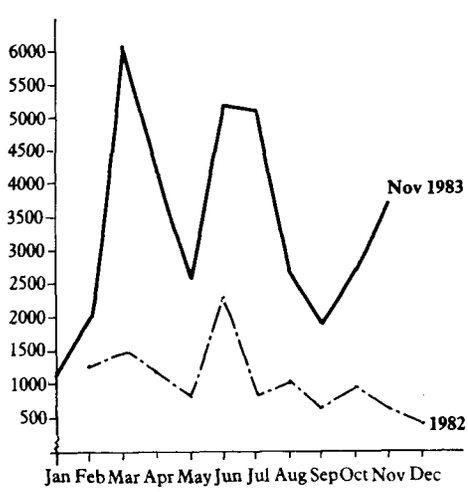
If the politics of this dispute were muddied, they were made quite explicit in the debate on the future of Youth CND. Dan Smith for the Executive briskly named Revolution Youth, youth wing of the Socialist League, as the disruptive element, determined to build an 'anti-imperialist wing' of CND, and thus to act on a 'different agenda' from that of CND as a whole.

Perhaps this is not a bad thing; after all, if CND does want to attract more black supporters it will inevitably have to debate its position on imperialism, even if it remains abstentionist. But when Mr Smith quoted from one of Revolution's internal documents, denouncing the leadership as 'Stalinist/pacifist', it was clear he had won the day. Despite the pleadings of youth slouched by the microphone in attitudes of petulant martyrdom, a final speech from a member of Northampton YCND, sneering impartially at Bruce Kent's support for communists and at aging hacks in general, lost them the day. The sustained popularity of Bruce Kent, and Joan Ruddock, both notable for their gentle and un-macho style, is a remarkable phenomenon of CND.

It was a nasty dispute with ritual expressions of regret that conference should have to put up with this sort of thing; yet the anger did inject some agitation into what at times were bland proceedings. Last year's 'flashpoint', of whether a mixed movement could be persuaded to accept women-only actions at Greenham, was extinct; 'Greenham' has been adjudged a resounding success and, whatever misgivings people feel, few are going to risk political suicide by opposing it. Although the close vote on supporting the nuclear freeze movement – 916 for and 959 against on the crucial amendment – suggests polarised positions, this is misleading. There is widespread agreement that campaigning and direct action against cruise and Trident will remain Britain's priority, and no opposition to the expression of solidarity with the US Freeze movement, as long as CND's hard-earned unilateralism is not impugned.

Back at the grass roots, many members will carry on regardless. For them CND happens to be the organisation whose name covers the peace movement, a vaguely ecological, pro-feminist, tentatively socialist, definitely anti-military stream of people. Changing its character – to make it more attractive to working-class trade unionists for instance – is going to take something more sustained. □

New members of CND



The graph shows the applications for membership processed at CND Head Office, broken down month by month. The fluctuations reflect both political events (like the general election) and the speed at which CND can process the applications. So great is the backlog in processing the applications that all volunteer help would be gratefully received. Contact CND, 11 Goodwin St, London N4.

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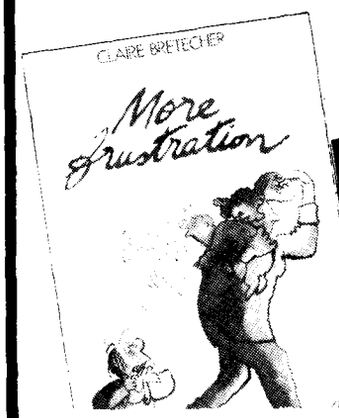

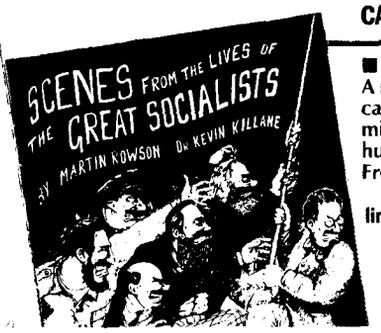

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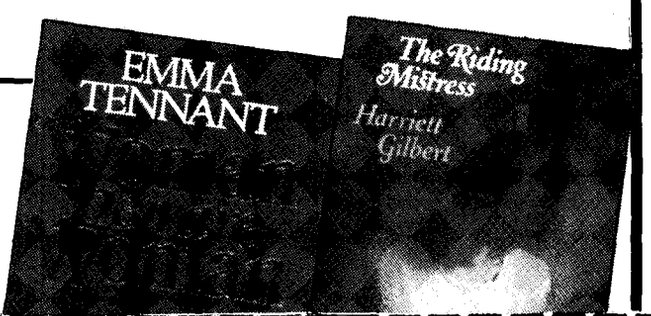

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DIARY

Denis Herbstein

Harare

By early December the lilac petals of the jacaranda are cluttering up the storm-gutters of Harare. Will they be there next year? There are suggestions that the jacaranda is a symbol of colonialism, fit only to be felled for firewood. If so, then Africa's loveliest capital city will look like an English country lane visited by Dutch elm disease. Superficially, little seems to have changed in the nearly four years since Independence. Dogs still race out of hibiscus-hedged villas to bark at black men on bicycles. The most fashionable golf club might have been deed-polled from 'Salisbury' to 'Harare', but it retains the 'Royal' prefix. Certainly. In Salis . . . oops, Harare, Jameson Avenue is now Samora Machel Avenue; Kingsway has become Julius Nyerere Way; the downmarket Railway Avenue is graced by the name Kenneth Kaunda – but the dreaded Selous, and Cecil John Rhodes himself, are also remembered along busy thoroughfares. And the visiting Bolshoi Ballet must have thought that they were dancing in an all-white country, if the audience was anything to go by (it was augmented by culture-starved red-bashers on the morning plane from Jo'burg). And at Meikles Hotel, on a Saturday's eve, ramrod colonels still foxtrot, waltz and gently bop with their pioneer spouses. On the same plus exchange theme, I gulp down a glancing dollop of high velo air before saying that the large-scale detentions of Matabeleland 'dissidents' bring back memories of the bad old Smithy days.

○

Below the surface, however, there have been impressive advances. The 800,000 black kids at school three years ago have swollen to over two million. Of course standards will drop in the short or medium term, but at least everyone has a chance, unequal though it might be. Schools are a touchy subject for the whites. When Education Minister Dzingai Mutumbuka ordained that, by the start of the school year next month, all private schools should enrol 60 per cent blacks and reduce fees to below £350 a year, it looked as though the standards-conscious 'Rhodies' would be flocking 'through the gap' southwards. Then the white Commercial Farmers Union muttered about closing farm schools, which still provide much of primary education in the rural areas. The order was rescinded. The countryside is enjoying an impressive expansion of primary health care, helped by an influx of post-UDI doctors and nurses. But the legacy of the past lingers on. Not one black male will graduate from the Harare Medical School this year, though there will be some black women and coloured and Indian Zimbabweans. The majority will be whites. Among them figure several American mercenaries who were promised (by Smithy, to be sure) a heavily subsidised medical training in exchange for a year hunting 'terrs'.

○

It's a pretty forgiving regime in some respects. Chris Anderson was Rhodesia Front Minister of Justice in the Muzorewa government, where he presided over the execution of convicted freedom fighters. Two years later, he was one of the ten white MPs who left the Front; soon, he rejoined the cabinet as a minister of state. Attending his first cabinet under Mugabe, the former 'terr' minister turned to Anderson and asked, 'What does the minister for hanging think of that?' Another former hanging Justice Minister, Hilary Squires, is a judge. Incidentally, the only execution since independence has been that of a French mercenary who murdered a German colleague.

○

But it is heart-warming to see former enemies of UDI back in town enjoying themselves. Reg Austin, late of University College, London, is Dean of the Zimbabwe Law School. Which makes me think . . . Reg and I were pretty low down on the pass list of the University of Cape Town final law exams back in 1958. Judy (Todd) Acton, Garfield's daughter, who was force-fed by the Front, has launched the Zimbabwe Project, helping to create jobs for some of the 37,000 demobbed soldiers. 'Often when they applied for work and explained that for the previous five or ten years they'd been fighting in the war, the employer would show them the door.' The project has set up a variety of cooperatives – piggeries, a supermarket, a factory making school uniforms, an orchestra. Despite Oxfam, Christian Aid and other aid money (including £3 million from Canada), the movement is desperately under-capitalised. Politically, how important it is to keep these vets. out of mischief – remember the brand new maize farmer who was asked by a TV crew if he'd ever planted before? 'Yes, landmines.'

○

And David Martin, once of the *Observer* where he forecast early on that Robert Mugabe and not big Josh Nkomo had the majority following . . . David is now a minor publishing tycoon, with an impressive collection of original titles, established African novels and educational books on the essential schools list. He took his first book, the local edition of Walter Rodney's *How Europe Under-developed Africa*, to Kingsway, Zimbabwe's W. H. Smith. 'Don't you know Africans are not interested in education or politics?' the buyer asked him. 'They only read James Hadley Chase.' But David did persuade him that times had changed and he took 1,000 copies – the print run of 7,500 went in a few weeks.

○

Only journalists have to worry about the Kadoma (formerly Gatooma) declaration, which encourages newspapers and press agencies to base their staff in Harare, rather than in South Africa. From what I hear, very few of the Johannesburg press corps have been refused entry to Zimbabwe, but an alarming dimension is that a journalist banned in one front-line state is, in the language of the declaration, 'deemed banned in all front-line states.' An information ministry official showed me a letter from the Angolan embassy listing its undesirables. Xan Smiley, now writing about the Middle East for the *Economist*, and Jay Rose of the *Washington Post*, are on it. When I applied for accreditation, the Special Branch fellow actually plonked my open file on the desk in front of me. It was almost empty, but, still, that's the first time it's happened to me. Maybe I shall have to tread warily, or go the way of the jacarandas.

ROGER WODDIS

Viewed with horror

Michael Heseltine, the Defence Secretary, has demanded the right to reply after the screening of The Day After, *the television film which depicts the devastation of an American city in a nuclear war.*

I share your feelings of misgiving,
I view with horror what could be
The death of everyone now living,
Including those in CND.

But all the facts in my possession
Should be sufficient to provide
(If you will pardon the expression)
A chance to see the other side.

To opt for nuclear disarming
Would bring us nearer to the brink,
But what is even more alarming
Is people being free to think.

The Russian bear wears baggy trousers,
Mine are distinguished by their crease
In common with the Bomb espousers,
And that is why we've kept the peace.

To use a phrase well-known to archers,
My arguments have found their mark,
As witness half a million marchers
Who thronged to hear me in Hyde Park.

The horrors that we face are fewer
(And here I think we all agree)
Than what confronts the hapless viewer
Who has to sit and look at me.

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FOREIGN NEWS: USA

Running wild

Claudia Wright cast a weather eye on the style, strategy and socialist aims of a charismatic presidential candidate

Washington

JESSE JACKSON is one of the best political orators in America. He is certainly the most charismatic – which, in the US, means that he can interrupt television interviewers with impunity and get away with speaking disrespectfully of the President.

Jackson's policy combination of support for full employment, anti-imperialism and civil rights for blacks, women and homosexuals is the closest thing to a socialist position on the platforms of the 1984 presidential campaign. In marked contrast to the Republicans and most of the Democratic leadership, Jackson is an incendiary, a downtown Thomas Paine. This explains why he has already received more death threats than the rest of the presidential candidates combined, and why the secret service has begun to protect him from assassins several months earlier than expected.

Jackson is also different from most black figures in political office around the country. He is not the first black leader to reject the consensual style of white bourgeois politics – Malcolm X and Stokely Carmichael both did that in the '60s. But Jackson is the first to attempt a conventional national campaign by appealing to those who have been excluded from the political consensus of the past. Jackson can be as smooth and elegant in white-society terms as Andrew Young, Mayor of Atlanta, or Wilson Goode, the newly elected Mayor of Philadelphia – but he has so far declined to sound as 'pragmatic', as compromising, or as white.

Jackson can use the cadences of black preaching, but has broken with the ecumenicism of the Martin Luther King generation. King made his appeal to white middle-class authority, using the language of Christianity to create the appearance of an underlying moral consensus. Jackson's language is pithier, less middle-class, more anti-authoritarian; he has yet to offer any of the traditional, Biblical anodynes. Jackson doesn't believe, nor has he yet said, that lions can be persuaded to lie down with lambs – or that there is an American market for turning swords into ploughshares. The Jackson slogan, 'From the outhouse to the White House', is an earthy impiety with potentially broad appeal to Americans suffering from political alienation and resentment. In a society that reveres the President as a godhead, the slogan sounds sacrilegious.

Jackson's campaign strategy is naturally to mobilise a much broader popular base than the black community and a handful of left-wing doctrinaires – the so-called 'rainbow coalition' of blacks, Hispanics, Asians, the chronically unemployed, and women. Were only white men to vote in the 1984 presidential election, Ronald Reagan would win overwhelmingly in every state. Theoretically, Jackson is correct in seeing an opening among the non-male, non-white electorate, but that is an opening his campaign will not turn into a convincing political victory – not, at least, in the short run.

Camera Press

Jesse Jackson: a voice for the outcasts

THE EXPLANATION lies in some simple American, political arithmetic. Jackson has argued (correctly) that the President's winning margin in 1980 was extremely narrow in many states where eligible blacks failed to register or vote. In 1980, Reagan's winning margin was less than 20,000 votes in seven states – all but one of them in the South. Reagan's winning margin was 5 per cent or less in another 13 states, and less than 10 per cent in a further four states. If these are combined with the seven states that former President Carter actually won, you get a potentially winning number of Electoral College votes in 1984.

Jackson has already proved that he can attract large numbers of new black voters, but so can some of the other Democratic candidates. Black voter participation started to climb before the Jackson campaign.

Jackson cannot win the Democratic nomination; he is currently running third behind Walter Mondale and John Glenn, not only in the country as a whole, but on his home ground in the South (see accompanying table). He may, however, attract a large number of black votes in the Southern primaries that would otherwise have gone to Mondale. If that happened, Glenn could win because Mondale and Jackson had split their support. This result would be worse for black Democrats – because Glenn is bad for black Democrats – than if Jackson had never become a candidate at all.

His campaign is labouring under other tactical disadvantages. His appeal is to people who are outside the Democratic Party structure and that means that he has little prospect of winning delegates in those states which hold party caucuses, rather than direct primary elections. He must also depend for delegates on the Southern states where the proportion of the black voting-age population is well above the national average (11 per cent). Half the Southern states are 'caucus' states, so Jackson is boxed into a very small number of real primary contests.

The fate of his campaign will probably be decided on 13 March 1984, the 'super Tuesday' when party primaries or caucuses will take place in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Massachusetts and six other states. Georgia and Alabama are Jackson's best hopes, but, even there, winner-takes-all rules may deprive him of a total number of delegates commensurate with his voting percentage. If Jackson is resoundingly defeated on 13 March in the South, his campaign will have no future.

Jackson's advisors acknowledge the problems, but regard political victory and defeat in their man's terms. They say that a win would be a quarter of the delegates in the states they have targeted – about 420. Given the vagaries of the party rules, they may end up with less than 200 – a minuscule share of the near 4,000 total number of delegates in the convention. A psychological boost and a bandwagon effect after 13 March might change the arithmetic, but, even if not, Jackson believes he can go to the party convention showing that he controls black voter turnout across the country in situations where it would represent the margin of victory in the presidential election. That is the bargaining power for which he is aiming; to get it, he must win at least 30 per cent of the black vote wherever he campaigns, North and South.

ANOTHER OF JACKSON'S problems is what he would do with this bargaining power were he to get it. In the 'pragmatic' arithmetic of American politics, the Democratic candidate in 1984 may need a woman or a Southerner as vice-president on the ticket, but he won't need to appoint a black running-mate; on a contest with Reagan,

Democratic Party preferences (per cent)

Candidate	National	Black	East	South	Georgia
Mondale	43	43	52	39	48
Glenn	23	8	19	30	23
Jackson	7	28	5	8	9

Louis Harris Poll, October 1983
Georgia poll by Peter Hart Associates, October 1983

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black voters have nowhere to go but to the Democrats. Jackson's campaign has so far been a very short-term affair, conducted to take advantage of the candidate's charisma within the conventions of the traditional political game.

The unanswered question is whether it is a portent of a longer-term change in black politics. Jackson's supporters say that it is. The black community is split on class, regional and generational lines, and the major black national organisations have been wracked with internal disputes at the same time as they have been losing membership and money. Ideologically, black leaders have been torn between identification with lower-class blacks and the pursuit of welfare state reforms on their behalf, and identification with the white middle class and the pursuit of equality of opportunity for affluence.

Jackson, it is said, represents a break with middle-class politics and a return to the original black constituency – still poor, ghettoised and excluded from the education, employment and housing that are available to whites. The black leaders supporting Jackson's campaign either have strong political bases in this constituency – Mayor Harold Washington of Chicago, Mayor Marion Barry of Washington, Congressman Mervyn Dymally of Los Angeles – or are out of office. Those who are siding with Walter Mondale's candidacy – Mayor Andrew Young of Atlanta, Mayor Tom Bradley of Los Angeles – have mixed-race and mixed-class constituencies.

In these circumstances, Jackson's campaign is not so much an appeal to the 'rainbow coalition' as a mid-1980s version of 'black power'. In Jackson's speeches, this is persuasive as a theory of civil rights enforcement and vote-getting – it is not a policy of economic redistribution or political change. To address the broader policy issues which the other Democratic candidates are tackling is something that the Jackson campaign is only now beginning to do, using staff with past experience in the campaigns of white Democrats. They will give the Jackson rhetoric a veneer of mainstream presidential policy. If Jackson is going to be satisfied with making an electoral bargain with the Democratic party, then that is all that he needs. If he aims to go further, inside or outside the party, he may find himself drawn or pushed by popular black convictions that are radically different from white sentiments on all the major domestic and foreign issues of the day. □

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SOUTH AFRICA

Death of a village

Howard Barrell reports on the uprooting of a tribe

Johannesburg

ONE HUNDRED miles west of Johannesburg, the true intention of South Africa's 'new' constitution was exposed last week by a thriving black peasant community of about 300 families. The community constitutes what apartheid considers to be a 'black spot' in 'white' South Africa, and it must consequently be uprooted and removed to one of the ten ethnic African Bantustans (about 13 per cent of the country's land mass), through which the African majority is supposed to realise its political aspirations.

In the case of this community, the Bakwena Ba Mogopa tribe, the tragedy has been given considerable publicity – more so than most of the two million Africans who have already been resettled by apartheid's brutal social engineering. The Mogopa are among the two million additional people whom apartheid still intends to dispossess of their South African citizenship.

The United Democratic Front, an umbrella group for 500 black organisations, has argued that prime minister P. W. Botha's new constitution is premised on the Bantustan system. At a vigil for the Mogopa last week Bishop Desmond Tutu, general secretary of the South African Council of Churches, said that apartheid lay exposed as being 'as evil as Nazism'. The removal was part of apartheid's 'final solution', he added: 'You don't need gas chambers if you put people in places where they will almost certainly starve.'

The liberal South African *Sunday Express* noted: 'The forced removal of the Ba Mogopa people is an atrocity. Note the names of those who do it.' Even the Reagan administration, currently South Africa's most enthusiastic international apologist, felt obliged by diplomatic form to lodge a protest with the South African ambassador to Washington, Brand Fourie.

The Mogopa people had been told to remove themselves to a tin-shanty resettlement camp 125 miles away at a place called

Destruction of a community: Piet Mosoeu (above) prepares to leave Mogopa with his belongings packed on a truck. A father (below) levers frames from his windows before his home is demolished

Both photos: Afrapix

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Pachsdraai, due for inclusion in the Bophutatswana Bantustan. They were being forced out of two tracts of land which they had bought in 1911 and 1922 and which they had developed into a small, surplus-producing economy.

In an effort to persuade the Mogopa people to go 'voluntarily', government officials from the ironically-named Department of Cooperation and Development, which deals with African affairs, bulldozed down four churches and the schools that the community had built for itself. Community-owned waterpumps were taken away. Old people were told that, unless they moved to Pachsdraai (a bleak dumping ground to which water has to be taken by truck), they would be unable to collect their tiny pensions.

A series of appeals fell on deaf ears, and a court action to stay the removal – only for time to negotiate its terms properly and thereby protect the community's interests – failed before Mr Justice van Dyk in the Pretoria Supreme Court. The elite Police Reaction Unit, based at the nearby town of Potchefstroom, was due to move in and forcibly expel the people at 4 a.m. last Tuesday.

But the government's nerve cracked in the glare of foreign TV floodlights and the illumination thrown by a group of South African church leaders who gathered for a midnight vigil with the Mogopa people on the eve of their removal. The Reaction Unit remained in its barracks.

However, the nerve of the Mogopa people cracked as well. One by one, families started to break down their homes in order to retrieve window and door frames so that they could set up house elsewhere. Their action could seriously affect their ability to get the minimal compensation the government offers for such removals – the authorities prefer to destroy the homes themselves before paying up.

The Mogopa people threw themselves on the mercy of their paramount chieftaincy, based at a place called Bethane, now situated inside apartheid-style 'independent' Bophutatswana. Their chief agreed to make some land temporarily available to them. The result, at Pachsdraai or Bethane, is the same: the Mogopa people will lose their birthright of South African citizenship and become instead 'citizens' of Bophutatswana – but it was better than starvation or dehydration at Pachsdraai.

Cooperation and Development Minister Dr Piet 'Pinnochio' Koornof has since claimed that the Mogopa people would be better off at Pachsdraai. To this, an opponent of the forced eviction, the white, liberal, women's Black Sash group, has responded: 'Then why is it necessary to use force to move people if Pachsdraai is a better place?'

Or, as one Mogopa tribesman asked: 'How does one marry a wife one has never seen?' □

THIS ENGLAND

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□ Landlord Peter, a former regimental sergeant major said: 'I didn't know the Prince was there at the time. But it would not have made any difference. I would still have asked him to leave. We don't have riff-raff in here, especially on darts nights. We take darts very seriously.' – *Daily Mirror* (Francis Wheen)

□ When he turned up in court for speeding in his £65,000 Aston Martin Lagonda, his barrister announced: 'The Duke of Westminster has arrived.' And an usher replied: 'There's no pub on the list by that name.' The court official thought the lawyer meant one of the pubs applying for late drinks extensions. – *Daily Star* (G. Moor)

FRANCE

Brittle glue

Chantal Mouffe on the outcome of a Socialist-Communist summit

Paris

TWO AND A HALF years before the next legislative elections, the prospects do not look too good for the left coalition in France. Over the last months, every election has been won by the Right. It is high time for the Left to turn back the current and regain the support that it has steadily been losing ever since the 'state of grace' – or, as some call it, the 'state of shock' – ended less than a year after the May 1981 victory.

To regain this support, the Socialists believe that the key condition is unity – in the first instance, unity of the Socialist Party (PS) itself. This was achieved at the Bourgen-Bresse Congress in October. Secondly, there has to be a unity of the Left in general. This has just been reasserted at the 1 December summit between Socialists and Communists.

The objective of the summit was to 'verify' whether the agreement signed by the parties on 23 June 1981, was still on. It had defined a 'common governmental orientation' and stipulated the basis for Communist participation in the second Mauroy government. Since the break up in 1977 of the 'Union of the Left', established in 1972, both parties had gone their own way and their relationship had often been bitter. Nevertheless, despite having an absolute Socialist majority in Parliament, Mitterrand decided to take four Communists into his government. The Socialists paid the cost by alienating part of their electorate. Hence their growing resentment at the very ambiguous attitude of the Parti Communiste Français (PCF) and the constant attempts of its secretary, Georges Marchais, to distance himself from government policies. Marchais's strategy of 'yes . . . but' has increasingly irritated Lionel Jospin, his Socialist counterpart, who has declared that the Communists 'could not simply take for themselves the roses and leave the thorns for the Socialists'.

The Socialists wanted to centre discussion at the summit on foreign policy, and force the Communists openly to express their divergences – many of which they had already voiced on the Middle East, Chad and a East/West relations. Marchais, however, cunningly evaded the confrontation – declaring, just before the summit, that he agreed 'almost completely' with François Mitterrand on matters of foreign policy. The only exception was that he favoured French and British nuclear force being counted in the European balance. The Communists now pretend to agree with the Socialists about Poland, Afghanistan, Lebanon, Chad – therefore, concluded Jospin, they should now 'condemn the military coup in Poland, support the restoration of Solidarity and demand Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan'.

The reason for the Communists' current opportunism is that, given their present weakness, they cannot oppose the only aspect of Socialist policy – its foreign component – which is genuinely popular. But their real convictions have not changed. Contrary to Mitterrand, who blames the Soviet Union, the PCF is convinced that the Americans are responsible for current world tensions. Thus, they tend to justify all Soviet action as 'self-defence'.

So far as the Socialists are concerned, it is of the utmost importance that they secure a Communist acceptance of their foreign policy. This is the terrain on which they have chosen to rebuild their crumbling image. Recently, Mitterrand moved into action in a new way. During a phone-in TV programme on 16 November, he insisted on his determination to struggle for the preservation of peace – which, for him, implies the necessity of installing cruise and Pershing missiles in Europe (although not, interestingly, in France). He also reassured the French concerning France's deterrent capacity, going so far as to claim that 'the lynchpin of the strategy of deterrence in France is the Head of State, it is me'. Speaking about the killing of French soldiers in Beirut, he announced solemnly, 'Such a crime will not be left unpunished'. The next day, the French airforce launched a retaliatory raid on a Shi'ite training camp at Baalbeck. The Falklands and Grenada episodes have shown that, sadly enough, national pride in action pays off. It worked again in this case. Mitterrand's popularity has increased in the polls since the raid.

The Communists tried to place the question of economic and social policy at the centre of the summit. For them, this is the safer ground. They accept the need to take account of the present economic difficulties, but insist on maintaining the previous objectives of growth and defence of the living standard. They insist that the current rigour should only be a parenthesis and, as some sectors in the PS see things in the same way, an agreement was possible on those lines. But it is still very far from the real

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practices of the Socialist government. After the second austerity plan last March, it has made a drastic change in its economic strategy. Even its discourse is now being adapted to the new situation – 'realism' and 'modernism' are the new key words.

The summit ended with a common declaration stressing the need to value more the positive achievements of the government and to unite to stop the progress of the Right. But even more than the unity reached within the PS itself, this one is very fragile. It is held together by the Communists' realisation (despite some hardline dissent) that a break with the Socialists would not be understood by their electorate – and might have disastrous consequences for the party. On the other hand, the Socialists believe that they cannot afford to alienate the Communist-led union, CGT, at the very moment when social peace is a *sine qua non* for the success of the anti-inflationary plan of Jacques Delors, the Finance Minister.

How long this adhesion will last, and whether it will even work while it does, are the central questions now waiting to be answered. □

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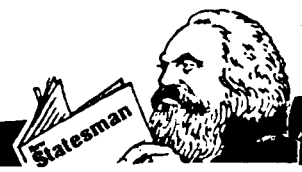

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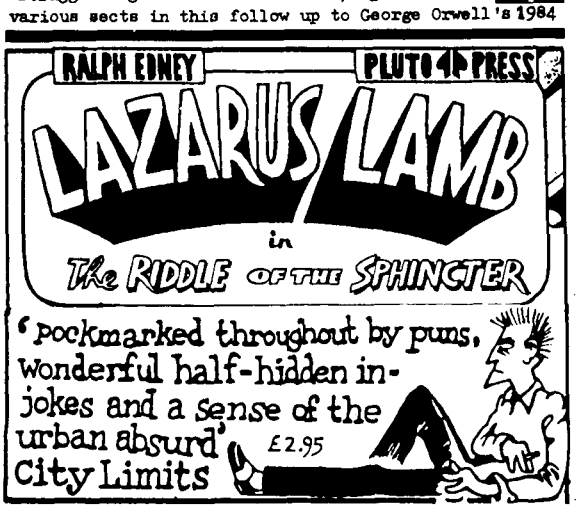

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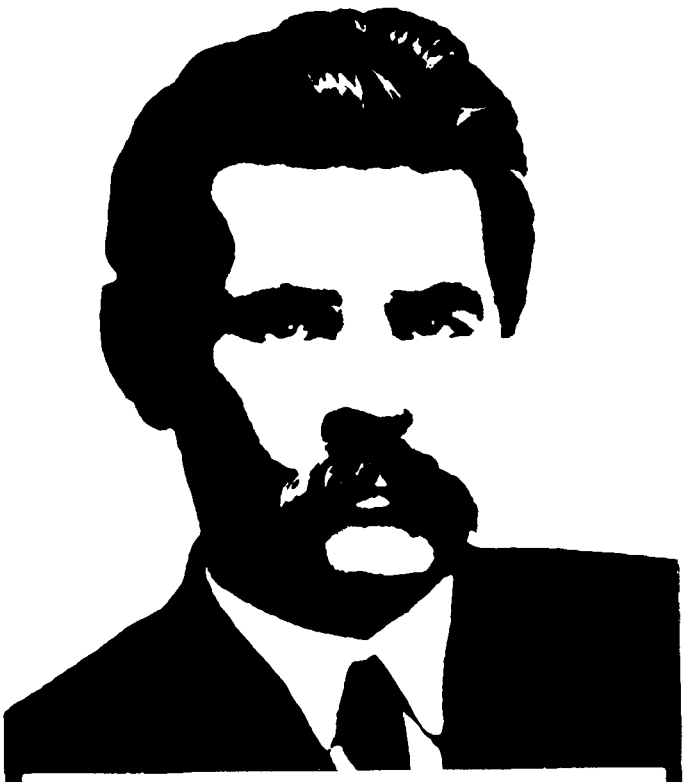

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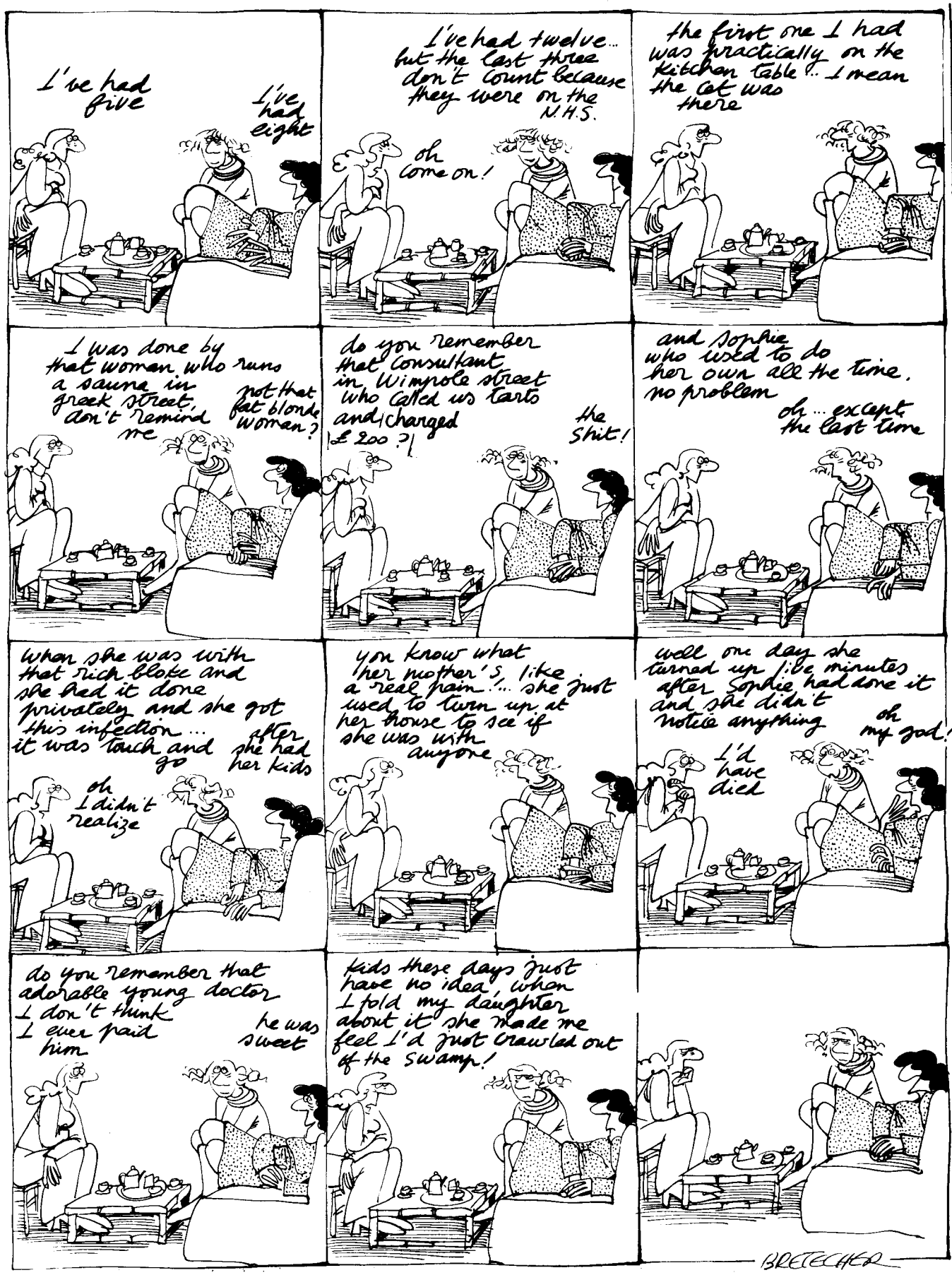
BRETECHER

CAN THIS BE LOVE


I've had five
I've had eight
I've had twelve... but the last three don't count because they were on the N.H.S.
oh come on!
the first one I had was practically on the kitchen table... I mean the cat was there
I was done by that woman who runs a sauna in Greek Street, don't remind me
not that fat blonde woman?
do you remember that consultant in Wimpole Street who called us tarts and charged £200?!
the shit!
and Sophie who used to do her own all the time, no problem
oh... except the last time
when she was with that rich bloke and she had it done privately and she got this infection... it was touch and go after she had her kids
oh I didn't realize
you know what her mother's like a real pain!... she just used to turn up at her house to see if she was with anyone
well one day she turned up like minutes after Sophie had done it and she didn't notice anything
oh my god!
I'd have died
do you remember that adorable young doctor I don't think I ever paid him
he was sweet
kids these days just have no idea, when I told my daughter about it she made me feel I'd just crawled out of the swamp!
BRETECHER

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LETTERS

Sharing the spoils

Geoffrey Goodman, London NW7

Wilfrid Beckerman's case for an incomes policy (*NS* 2 December) was cogently stated. But his (or anyone else's) appeal will remain unacceptable to the wider trade union movement unless he (and others) can produce a more persuasive and broader political context into which a socialist incomes policy can fit.

Perhaps Dr Beckerman has forgotten the experiences of the Fifties, when the majority of the trade unions accepted (albeit briefly) the Attlee government's wages policy. Again, the period after Harold Wilson won the 1964 General Election, when George Brown with his famous 'Declaration of Intent' opened yet another chapter of incomes policy. The unions were not nearly as negative as Dr Beckerman suggests. Indeed, it was the practical experience of that period – when incomes policy, in the wider, more radical sense, was simply turned into a crude pay policy – that helped turn a readiness to cooperate into open hostility.

In 1975, in a new crisis, Jack Jones persuaded his fellow TUC members to support a new form of incomes policy starting off with the famous £6 all-round policy. For almost three years, that new policy was supported by the majority of the unions, despite enormous pressures from their rank-and-file members. I had a ringside seat during that period, when I was head of the Counter-Inflation Unit. It would be a serious misjudgment, in my opinion, to place all (or even most of) the blame for the collapse of that policy onto trade union shoulders. The Wilson/Callaghan governments must take their share of responsibility for that failure.

The real failure of previous incomes policies has been the undue emphasis (economically and politically) placed on the *wages* factor; the failure to broaden incomes policy to include effective industrial planning, shop-floor involvement and inroads into privilege at higher levels. I support the concept of a socialist incomes policy and I agree with Dr Beckerman that such a policy is essential if a future Labour government is to be an effective and successful administration. But I hope that he would agree that a future incomes policy, to be successful and retain trade union support at all levels, must reach out to a far more imaginative and radical economic package. Academic purity is no substitute for the realities of our industrial life.

Kicking the hospital habit

Brian Inglis, London NW3

'The first thing the NHS needs is more money', you claim (*NS* 25 November). Nonsense; Britain spends less on its health services than other comparable countries for the good reason that doctors are not paid 'per item of service', which has escalated costs elsewhere – partly because of the temptation to prescribe unnecessary treatments, partly because of the army of administrators, insurance employees and so on.

What is needed is saner distribution of the NHS's present income. As things are, nearly two thirds of it goes to hospitals, because the consultants who run the show work and teach in hospitals. Most of the patients now in hospital would not be there if the health services had been designed to keep people out of them; but so long as the medical profession retains its monopolistic position, there is no prospect of switching resources to preventive medicine, or of bringing in those alternative practitioners who are now helping more and more people to avoid the dire consequences of orthodoxy's drug-dependence.

Will the real Tariq Ali stand up?

K.E. Spencer, Glossop, Derbyshire

So, Tariq Ali, the well known fundamental threat to the once-great-Labour-Party-that-we-joined-50-years-ago has been given a platform by the *New Statesman* (*NS* 25 November) yet again. How very provocative! I hope that people from all sections of the Labour Party have bothered to read what he wrote. Those that have will realise that he is an intelligent and original socialist. He has as much in common with the more Neanderthal elements of the self-proclaimed 'hard' left as he has with Roy Hattersley.

Sooner or later ordinary members of the Labour Party are going to realise this. When that happens the Left will lose a *cause célèbre*, the right a *bête noir* and the Labour Party will gain a hard-working and valuable member. Is it too much to hope that this can be achieved without the delay which 'administrative action' by the National Executive Committee will cause?

MPs were not palmed off

Alf Dubs MP, House of Commons

As one of the MPs who recently visited the Philippines I should like to comment on Belinda Coote's article (*NS* 18 November). As regards the CDC-Guthrie plantation in Mindanao, it is clear that the original land acquisition failed to recognise existing ownership, allowed speculation and employed a notorious paramilitary group. However, by late September this year, the plantation company had taken steps to correct these abuses.

Turning to the proposed palm oil plantation at Loreto, clear undertakings have been given that nobody is under any pressure to sell their land and that the CDC only wants to acquire land at present uncultivated. Secondly, the CDC will ensure that it does not buy any land to which the owner does not have title.

The plantation is to consist of 5,000 hectares, which would probably be acquired in separate lots of 1,000, plus an outgrower scheme of 3,000 hectares. This does not add up to a 'massive plantation'.

The death of Father Caesar Legasbi was tragic, but nobody in Mindanao has suggested it was not accidental. Bishop Morales, who visited England recently, was satisfied that the death was a genuine accident.

While in the Loreto area, we visited four villages, at each of which we had meetings with a hundred or so local people. I certainly did not get the impression that there was a 'climate of fear' – the villagers were quite ready to make criticisms of the plantation project, even though the majority favoured it.

It is true that letters have arrived in London containing petitions by people opposed to the setting up of the plantations. We spoke to some of the signatories, but did not get the feeling that they represented most people in the area, nor that they were unhappy when their specific points had been answered by the CDC.

I am concerned about the position of the landless people, especially the Manobos. That is why we drew particular attention to these people in our report. However, they probably have more to gain from a plantation project which will offer them jobs.

It is undeniably true that many of the plantation projects in Mindanao have been badly conceived, insensitive to local feeling and have driven farmers off cultivated land. I fully understand why there is opposition to plantations there. However, I am satisfied that the CDC's project on Loreto is as well conceived as a plantation project can be and that the lessons of earlier mistakes have been learned and applied to the new proposals.

The consequence of not proceeding with projects such as the one CDC have planned for Loreto is that one is, in effect, saying to local people that nothing will be done to better their lot. I think that would be wrong.

Heydays

Dominic Gill, London NW8

As one of that generation (aged 20 exactly in 1961) which has got up the nose of David Edgar (Diary 2 December), I was shaken to read – never mind 'bitter and twisted' – that I was 'past it even before the Beatles cut *Love Me Do*'.

Even so many years after the event, that's still a pretty devastating reminder – and before breakfast, too. It set me wondering, all the same, what year it was in which Edgar himself became past it, and what that year was 'even before'. To judge from the tone of his writing, it must have happened around 1970 – maybe even before Queen cut *Bohemian Rhapsody*.

High-speed rail cost savings

Philip Sellers, Director of Finance & Planning, British Railways Board

May I draw your attention to inaccuracies in the 'Ridley spoils for a fight' article by Mick Hamer (*NS* 4 November)?

Government support to British Rail is not being slashed by more than £200 million over the next three years. In our 1983 Corporate Plan, we said we expected to reduce the Public Service Obligation by £200 million (at 1983 prices) by 1988. We are now required to bring forward that objective by two years to *1986*; in other words, the PSO support for 1986 could be £65 million less than we assumed in the 1983 Plan, as a direct result of our accelerating cost saving initiatives which we planned for 1987/88.

The article's footnote table 'How the Plans Compare' includes a number of significant errors. The essential comparison of the PSO grant requirements, excluding payments from Passenger Transport Executives, as shown by BR's Corporate Plan 1983-88, with the Secretary of State's recently announced targets are:

Central Government PSO Requirement (at 1983 prices) £m

	1986	1988
BR's Corporate Plan	700	635
Government Target	635	

Mick Hamer writes: Philip Sellers's figure of £700m in 1986 (taken from the BR Corporate Plan) excludes a deficit of £31m. In the context of the government statement the total (£731m) more accurately reflects the impacts on the railways' finances.

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Maurice Peston

A question of balance

John Maynard Keynes: Hopes Betrayed 1883-1920
ROBERT SKIDELSKY *Macmillan* £14.95

One difficulty for any biographer of Keynes is that he himself was a brilliant writer of biographical memoirs and set a standard which is extremely hard to reach. For the moment I am not sure whether Professor Skidelsky is in with a chance. Certainly, his book is extremely easy to criticise. Let me start with an obvious example.

'On 28th June 1905 he started work on Marshall's *Principles of Economics*.' Robert Skidelsky tells us this on page 132. He then switches to a discussion of Keynes's *My Early Beliefs*, and the ethics of G. E. Moore, and so the book goes on. Nothing is said about what Keynes thought of Marshall's *Principles*, although it is known that he read it most carefully. It is not until page 206 that there is any serious discussion of economics, and even that seems to be an interlude in the main story.

Now, Skidelsky justifies this by distinguishing the study of Keynes's life from the study of Keynes as an economist. He argues that examples of the latter are not in short supply, and what is required is an 'up-to-date history of the man behind the model'. On the face of it that is quite absurd. Although it is an exaggeration to say that Keynes was nothing if he was not a great economist, it is not much of one. If he had not written the *General Theory* and revolutionised macroeconomic theory and macroeconomic policy, ours would not have been called the Keynesian age. I am bound to say, therefore, that excellent and enthralling as this book is (and I do strongly recommend it), it is flawed, perhaps fatally so. (To be tart and unfair at the same time, if Harrod is to be criticised for not mentioning Keynes's homosexuality, Skidelsky is to be treated similarly for insufficient mention of his economics.)

To take two examples of importance. In 1914 Pigou wrote a little book on unemployment. It is overwhelmingly classical in tone, although it would now be recognised as containing the genesis of one or two Keynesian ideas. The book was reviewed by Beveridge who criticised its proposition that unemployment was caused by so-called sticky money wages. Keynes wrote to him with approval; suggesting a much earlier dating of his willingness to reconsider the orthodox position that is usually realised.

A second example concerns Keynes's attitude to Marx and Marxism. His comments on the subject are usually critical ('a doctrine so illogical and so dull') etc., but not uninformed. By implication he had read some of Marx's work before he was thirty, but Skidelsky tells us nothing about that. We are left somewhat mystified, therefore, about how Keynes's ideas really did develop.

All this relates to the point Skidelsky himself mentions that up to 1914 Pigou and others were developing Marshall's work in new and interesting directions, but Keynes was not. He justifies this by arguing that 'Keynes' capacity for original economic thought had to be evoked by some practical problem . . . [and] . . . it made little sense for him to invest much intellectual effort in economics before 1914; and the results showed it.' It is one of the many merits of Skidelsky's book that he makes this kind of provocative remark. The first part of the proposition can be returned to when the *Treatise* and the *General Theory* are discussed in later volumes. On the second, even on Skidelsky's own evidence, I find it hard to accept that Keynes put so little into economics before the first World War.

I must refer en passant to another one of Skidelsky's propositions:

> The twin pillars of the post-1945 consensus – the Welfare State and the Keynesian full-employment policy – were based on ideas originating in Oxford and Cambridge. By comparison, the Fabian contribution to social, political and economic policy seems meagre.

This will be a godsend to examiners for years. What struck me most about it was not so much its ignorance, but its insularity.

There is one matter that can be dealt with quickly and easily, and that is the alleged connection between Keynes's sexuality and Keynesian economics. It is obvious philosophical nonsense to suggest that there is a connection; the logical validity of a theory and its empirical relevance are independent of its progenitor. (What help is knowledge of the lives of Newton and Einstein in predicting the movements of planets?) But, for recent critics of Keynes and Keynesianism, who are not noteworthy for their powers of inference or scientific objectivity, there are two additional points to make. One is that during the period of his life covered by this volume Keynes was a strong believer in the quantity theory of money. The other is, of course, that several of the leading defenders of classical economics were themselves not exactly models of heterosexual conformity. Apart from that, as will no

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doubt appear in the later volumes, Keynes saw himself as devising a theory which could help to save capitalism while his opponents' views placed it in peril. Altogether, the connection between Keynes's penchant for buggery and an alleged desire to bugger up capitalism is too far fetched to take seriously.

Let me hasten to add that such an idiotic view is not presented by Skidelsky. He does give a superb account of the Cambridge background, and the ambitions of the upper-middle-class academics and professionals in late Victorian and Edwardian England. I am struck by their proneness to anxiety neurosis and psychosomatic ailments. Were there really no 'normal' ones among them? I am also impressed, when it comes to the Bloomsbury group, by their exaggerated sense of their own importance. What, after all, did they comprise? A minor essayist or two, a minor painter or two, a minor critic or two, and a novelist of considerable influence whose significance on a world scale is undecided. What they really seem to have specialised in was preparing for their biographies and autobiographies. The major figures in both arts and the sciences in this country were pretty far from Bloomsbury, the one exception being Keynes himself, and even he was not regarded as entirely 'one of us'.

This is apparent in Skidelsky's remarkable account of Keynes in the Great War. His treatment of Keynes's Treasury work, his attitude to the war, his pacifism, his attempt to help his friends, and his eventual reaction to the settlement and the Treaty of Versailles is first class and makes for compulsive reading. Whether Keynes's view of the reparations problem was precisely correct I remain doubtful, but *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* did make him a world figure. Skidelsky rightly rebuts the view that Keynes's writing had helped to cause the Second World War, but it is a measure of Keynes's new importance that the idea could even be entertained.

And, of course, the best is yet to come. There are the great works of economics, the involvement with the artistic establishment (Covent Garden, the Arts Council and all that) and the negotiations at Bretton Woods which shaped the post-war world and killed him. There are fundamental questions to be discussed concerning the emergence of the mixed economy, and the role of democratic socialists (or social democrats, depending on which country you are in) and the use they made of Keynesian doctrine. Despite my criticisms, I think Skidelsky will be able to handle all this, if he so wishes. My concern is twofold. One is the relatively unimportant one of length. If 400 pages take us to 1920 (so that *Probability* and the *Tract on Monetary Reform* have yet to appear), at least 800 will be needed to get to 1946. The second takes me back to the subject of balance between life and work. I hope in volume two (and three?) Skidelsky can be persuaded to switch the emphasis to the latter. His appendix on the Quantity Theory suggests he has the ability to do so; and, while he may lose a few sales, he will then have written the definitive biography. □

PHOTOGRAPHS
Jules Lubbock

Soured dreams

Byker
SIRKKA LIISA KONTTINEN *Cape* £3.95

To architects, Byker means Ralph Erskine's prize-winning housing scheme, the first genuine attempt to involve prospective tenants in design and to retain the original community in a visually beguiling layout of gaily painted and cosy houses. Yet Peter Malpas, in a study commissioned by the DoE but never published, showed that, as a result of the phasing of demolition and rebuilding, only 5,000 of the 17,000 original inhabitants of the old Byker remain in the new.

For Ms Konttinen, a young Finnish photographer, the terraced streets of old Byker were her home – until her house (with the only dirty step in the street) went with the others under the ball and chain. To commemorate her experience of Geordie life, she has made a book and a C4 film. Her photos are masterpieces of representation – political as well as photographic – of the hardships, the pieties, the humour and the short years of teenage rebellion: 'Byker crew are hard and smart ones/Kick you up the arse with Doctor Martins.'

She considers that being a foreigner was the secret of her success – 'I could be nosey, and be forgiven.' Perhaps it was also that she established her craft as a service alongside that of the cobbler and the hairdresser. At length, her own photographs appeared in the pictures she took of people's living rooms.

One can only select from over a hundred images and conversations. A girl being fitted with her bridal gown, standing in a pool of light surrounded by mirrors – 'The young lasses, some of them are very plain indeed. They put on this dress and look in the mirror and they look like a princess. So I leave her with her dreams. She'll never look so beautiful again.' Old Willie, who played the mouth organ at weddings, sitting in her studio with a plastic parrot and his bow poised over a 'Guaneri' fiddle which he couldn't play, but with which he liked to be photographed.

Ms Konttinen describes herself as an obstinate dreamer and she possesses a surrealist capacity to capture the dreams of Byker people. Surrealism is one of the few art movements of this century with genuine popular appeal, perhaps because of its interest in dream, a word with great resonance in working-class culture. The work of the surrealists also had a special bearing upon architecture. They were implacably opposed to Corbusier's antiseptic modernism and they developed a special feeling for the mundane buildings of Paris, whose fabric they wished to preserve not on account of any special architectural fantasy, but on account of the fantasies of the people who lived and worked there.

I have in mind Aragon's 1924 *Le Paysan de Paris*, which commemorated Le Passage de l'Opera, a shopping arcade about to be demolished for the extension of the Bd Haussmann. Aragon's reveries on the shops were partly inspired by the photographs of Eugene Atget, who, from 1897 to his death in 1927, conducted a one-man crusade to memorialise the old Paris of mediaeval streets, small shops and craftsmen which survived behind the boulevards. Atget was also one of those few photographers to record the interiors of ordinary houses in all their particularity. This trespass upon the privacy of people who are not the leaders of fashion is a rare but politically important act.

The rebuilding of Byker was one of T. Dan Smith's schemes. It was his chief planner, Wilfred Burns, who wrote the memorable words:

> . . . slum clearance [has a] devastating effect on the social groupings built up over the years. But one might argue, this is a good thing when we are dealing with people who have no initiative or civic pride. The task, surely, is to break up such groupings even though the people seem to be satisfied with their miserable environment and seem to enjoy an extrovert social life in their community.

As an antidote, these photographs ought to be studied by every architect, designer and planner; as well as by those Labour politicians who still believe that municipal clearances are the answer. □

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The Strawberry Hill Set: Horace Walpole and His Circle

BRIAN FOTHERGILL *Faber* £12.95

Brian Fothergill has already made a considerable, and well deserved reputation as a biographer of some of the more entertaining and interesting figures of 18th-century Britain: Sir William Hamilton, the Earl Bishop of Derry and Beckford of Fonthill. In this new work he considers the set of writers, politicians, artists, bon viveurs and society figures who gathered around Horace Walpole. Many of these figures were important in their own right, and Horace Walpole had a knack for selecting able people to befriend and patronise, the poet Thomas Gray being the most significant. This volume considers Horace Walpole's friendships by group, for example 'Politics and the Conways', and is both well written and attractively produced.

That granted, one wonders what the point of the book is. There is an excellent modern edition of Horace Walpole's letters that is easily obtainable: the Yale edition edited by W. S. Lewis. This edition contains introductions and detailed footnotes that are far superior in their scholarship, and in the light they throw upon Walpole and his friends, than the information presented in Fothergill's book. If this new work persuades people to read Horace Walpole – the liveliest correspondent of the 18th century – then it has merit, but otherwise it is difficult to see what the rationale for the volume is.

Jeremy Black

In My Mind's Eye

MICHAEL REDGRAVE *Weidenfeld* £9.95

This book is no great success. The externals of autobiography, life, career, record of accumulated theatrical achievements, are all here; but they do not get you very far towards understanding the man himself. It is as though it were not an autobiography at all, but rather the failed product of a biographer defeated by his subject's reticence. Redgrave writes in a peculiar distancing style which begs many questions.

His early radical leanings are mentioned, yet not explored nor elaborated. What has been, and what is, his political stance? He remarks that he considered himself a socialist, and still does: that is as far as it goes. There follows no view, no ideology, no self-examination.

The passage of the years is cruel. The dust-jacket photo shows an ageing, unwell Redgrave holding a long-ashed cigarette, lost in the prospects of his mind's eye. It contrasts poignantly with that of the young heart-throb taken with Edith Evans in 1936. Thus the masks change; but where is the man behind them? That is the trouble with actors.

Brian Martin

Amnesty International Report 1983

Amnesty International £5

Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union have been singled out in this year's Amnesty Report for using human rights issues for propaganda. Amnesty criticises Britain for its attitude during the Falklands war when it suddenly focused attention on the long-standing problems of torture and disappearances in Argentina. The US is attacked for its series of statements claiming an improvement in human rights in El Salvador and Guatemala, and the Soviet Union for its media coverage of events in Poland.

Amnesty's yearly report documents its worldwide efforts to defend and monitor human rights and is an essential guide for anyone involved in human rights work. The figures are checked meticulously, and Amnesty's information is so reliable that the Foreign Office does not question it.

Amnesty, which is opposed to the death penalty, warns that most death sentences are political. It told the UN commission on Human Rights that over three-quarters of those sentenced to death in 1981 were executed for their real or alleged political activities. Amnesty reports that 1,609 people were executed in 1982, but warns that the total is certainly higher.

The report's three pages on the UK question the use of the non-jury 'Diplock courts' in terrorism trials in Northern Ireland. The report notes that, since Amnesty's controversial report in 1978 on torture in Northern Ireland, allegations of ill-treatment have virtually stopped.

The report is far-reaching but not comprehensive. Some countries have not been listed because of lack of information. More information is available from some countries than from others, and Amnesty is also worried that information on abuses occurring in the countryside is much more difficult to obtain.

Anton La Guardia

The Oxford Book of Dreams

ed. STEPHEN BROOK *Oxford* £8.95

Ibsen, we read in this new Oxford Book, dreamed that an angel took him to a rocky valley in which lay a 'vast city of death'. Its luminous inhabitants were at first silent, but then came the roar of an impending storm, and 'the dead moved and stretched their arms towards me, and with a cry I awoke, wet from the cold, wet night-dew'.

Ibsen's dream surely exhibits in extreme and coherent form what dreams, at some time or other, have constituted for us all: intimations of mortality, and not just our own mortality either. They show us that the whole demanding external world is mutable, irretrievably doomed. Such demonstrations are at once terrifying and, strangely, profoundly comforting. Solitary experiences though they are, dreams, in fact, link us one to another.

Stephen Brook's imaginatively compiled anthology produces in the reader exactly the sense of community with all people that concentration on this subject should produce. He eschews, to my regret, psychological and physiological explorations of the phenomenon of dreaming; his is, as he admits, a very literary volume. However, through his thoughtful arrangement of material, he illuminates vast and complex areas of our psychic and social life and their fraught interaction. There is a fascinating section on that most baffling aspect of dreaming, the philosophical. How do we distinguish dream experience from conscious experience? Who or what is the 'I' of the dream?

Stephen Brook's anthology abundantly shows that dreams – both their own and those they ascribe to others – bring out their greatest qualities in writers. We would expect the English Romantics, Edgar Allan Poe, the French Surrealists to write hauntingly about dreams; it is then a greater pleasure when less expected writers show themselves their peers: Charles Kingsley in *Alton Locke*, Philip Larkin in *Jill*.

Anthologies which transcend themselves and can stand as organic books making serious statements about life are, for obvious reasons, very rare, but Stephen Brook's *Oxford Book of Dreams* is of their number.

Paul Binding

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FICTION
Angela McRobbie

Hand-me-downs

Oxherding Tale
CHARLES JOHNSON *Blond and Briggs* £8.95
The Fetishist
MICHEL TOURNIER *Collins* £8.95
The Glass Boat
ALLISON WARD *Brilliance* £6.95 & £2.50

There is something a little too measured about **Oxherding Tale,** by the black American writer Charles Johnson, for it to achieve what it seems to aspire to – to enter, thoroughly and decisively, the canons of Black American Literature. Ironically, it is this self-consciousness which prevents it from gaining the kind of visionary quality towards which it so clearly moves. In structure, it is strongly reminiscent of some of the recent work of J. M. Coetzee (this year's Booker Prize winner). Both writers place the black man (in Coetzee's case, his shadow) at the centre of the murky universe, which they then proceed to reconstruct. And each of them uses this motif as a reference point with which they can make forays, or voyages of exploration, into modern history.

But where Coetzee's voice bursts upon the reader as though from nowhere, wildly, from the vacuum of non-history which is the Afrikaner's Africa, Johnson makes do by at once challenging and paying his respects to the whole white American literary tradition, of which he is obviously a dislocated part. It's as though he cannot escape memories of Hawthorne, Poe, Melville, even Faulkner, and has, as a result, to knit them into his concern with the black experience. In the spirit of all these white shadows, *Oxherding Tale* is a book which charts a male journey. From slavery to freedom, from ignorance to understanding, from degradation to self respect, from being black to passing as a white, and from passing as a white to being made aware again of being black.

Again like Coetzee, Johnson uses the first-person narrative playfully. The tale is spoken by a man whose birth has been the result of the perversity which was an inevitable part of the master/slave relationship. In a moment of mutual drunkenness, his slave father is persuaded to participate in a wife-swapping exercise. By following instructions literally, instead of merely feigning to follow them, he condemns himself to life in the fields as an oxherd. And when the aforementioned wife gives birth, the son, too, is cast out. It is his history which forms the body of the text. In almost picaresque style, Andrew is educated by a crazed Transcendentalist in whom he later loses faith. He is made the sexual slave of an equally crazed white woman; he escapes further bondage at her hands by passing as a white; he becomes a teacher and marries a seemingly liberated white woman. He is finally forced to confront his past when he witnesses his childhood black girlfriend, ill and prematurely aged, being auctioned at an illegal slave market, and when he comes face-to-face with the spirit of forced black depravity and self-destructiveness in the figure of the Soul-catcher.

Much of the humour and style of the book derives from the tricks that it plays with time and language. Its narrator, solidly ensconced within the Deep South of the mid 19th century, speaks, indeed raps, with all the cultural know-how of a street-wise young American. But even this fails to raise the temperature. It's a tale caught in the circularity of the myths with which it over-identifies.

Michel Tournier's **The Fetishist and other stories** is, apparently, a best seller in France. Its point of reference is the literary pornographic tradition so perfectly epitomised in the writing of Bataille. But, for me, this collection figures not so highly in this convention of perverse writing. At their most interesting, the stories re-work well known myths and fables: Adam and Eve; Robinson Crusoe; Tom Thumb. Alternatively, they explore the private, obsessional world of male sexual fantasy. 'The Fetishist' itself is a dramatic monologue from inside the asylum – an account of the rise and fall of a man who loves only frills and knickers and who has to pay the cost. 'The Red Dwarf' heaps together all the trimmings of classic male sexual psychopathology. He, a Paris clerk, is small, rejected, and ultimately murderous – which is to say that he gets his own back at the expense of his sole female (but unfaithful) lover.

Tournier's is a carefully written book which travels over a familiar erotic landscape. My disengagement from it derives not so much from its unsurprising sexual politics as from its failure as erotic writing, within a particular tradition, to leave sufficient spaces in between. Ultimately, *The Fetishist* is both over-written and over-literal, reflective only, I suspect, of current tastes in coffee-table perversity.

If anything **The Glass Boat** by Allison

Ted Hughes

Violet

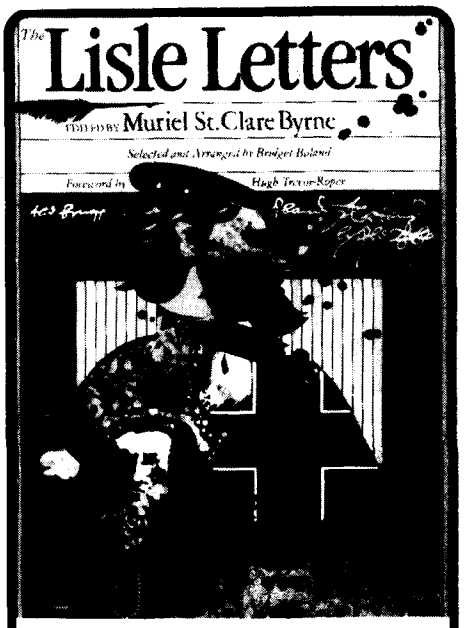
The tide-swell grinds crystal under cliffs.

Against the opened furnace of the west
A tree-full of apple blossom.

And a bullock of sooted bronze
Cools on an emerald
That is crumbling to granite embers.

Milk and blood are frail
In the shivering wind off the sea.

(Only a purple flower – this amulet,
Once Prospero's – protects it all
In a rinsed globe of light.)



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Ward is excessively slight and under pretentious in its writing. It is, I suppose, a gay idyll. There is still some of that stiffness which marks out so much of homosexual or lesbian writing – as though to suggest that the ill-ease of prose merely reflects the ill-ease of life on the margins. Still, *The Glass Boat* describes a fantasy coming-together of two different London life-styles and it does this with an occasional kind of understated elegance. Stephanie, an architect, is given the job of redeveloping part of the Thames dockland. There, she discovers a group of gay, bohemian squatters who lead a mystical circus-like existence. They play tricks, perform to each other, and have exotic names like Asmodus, Pink and Dasha. Their attraction lies in the pleasure with which they pursue their apartness and, to this, she quickly succumbs. □

Among this week's contributors:

MAURICE PESTON is Professor of Economics at Queen Mary College, London.

JULES LUBBOCK teaches history of art at the University of Essex.

JEREMY BLACK is a history lecturer at the University of Durham.

BRIAN MARTIN is the author of *John Keble* and *John Henry Newman*.

PAUL BINDING's first novel will be published by Aidan Ellis next spring.

TED HUGHES is published by Faber & Faber. His more recent books include *Moortown, Remains of Elmet* and *Under the North Star*.

JOHN SPURLING's *Graham Greene* was published last month by Methuen in their Contemporary Writers series.

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THIS WEEK

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Tricia Bohn in pursuit of the legendary Tina Turner

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ROCK MUSIC
Mary Harron

Letter from Nashville

IT IS MIDNIGHT, and I am in a motel room in Nashville, watching one of America's best-selling female singers on television. The woman is very short, with the face of a wizened munchkin surrounded by tight platinum curls. Her heels are very high, her nails are very long, and her hands are weighted with diamond rings. She sings flat, but she sings loud, and with such fervour that her false eye-lashes tremble precariously. Her eyes, smeared with blue shadow, have a vacant, glassy look, and she appears to be on some kind of drugs.

She is rumoured to sell millions of records, but you don't hear them on the radio and you can't buy them in the shops. Her name is Tammy Bakker, and she is an evangelist. Tammy and her husband Jim run the 'PTL Club', short for 'Praise the Lord' – or, as cynics call it, 'Pass the Loot'. The Jim Bakker Show, which is what I am watching, is broadcast out of North Carolina, but you can see it all over the country as often as three times a day: an evangelical version of *The Johnny Carson Show*, with guests and chat interspersed with songs from the spacey Tammy. But what the Bakkers are really interested in is cash.

There are smiling pleas, veiled threats and passionate exhortations for viewers to send in more funds. At quiet moments Tammy will burst into tears. Right now she is sobbing, 'Sometimes I don't know how much longer we can carry on. Do you know what it's like to have a million dollar budget hanging over your head EVERY WEEK?' The Bakkers say they are sworn to poverty, but the PTL club does very nicely from the millions of dollars in donations, the mail order sales of Tammy's records and the cassettes of Jim's sermons (called 'Success Tapes') and their special edition of the Bible which comes absolutely free with a hundred-dollar donation.

Occasionally the camera cuts to the television audience, showing faces formed by poverty and bewilderment. The same faces make up the hardcore country music audience, not the slick, new Los Angeles middle-of-the-road style of country music, but the bedrock. No audience is as devoted, as prejudiced, as loyal or as easily gulled.

This is the audience that, in Nashville, will pay five dollars to visit 'Twitty City', the museum complex that Conway Twitty has built in honour of himself. In the foyer you can buy Conway Twitty ash-trays, records, place-mats and key-chains. Inside the museum tour guides with steely smiles herd you past tableaux illustrating scenes from Conway's exceedingly uneventful life. Finally, after seeing Conway's baby pictures, his costumes and his lime-green convertible, we are led into the inner sanctum where all his gold records are displayed. Suddenly a pre-recorded voice booms out to tell us how proud and grateful Conway is to have achieved all this fame and money. But, 'If you want to see Conway's most cherished possession, just look around you.' The lights go up and we find ourselves staring at our own reflection in the mirrored walls. 'Yes, Conway's most cherished possession is his FANS!' There is another gift shop on your way out.

Country stars really do love their fans, if only because they can sell them over-priced ash-trays. Like so much else in Nashville, the famous closeness between performers and audience is, in fact, half truth, half lies. Traditionally, the stars have always come from the same poor Southern background as their fans, so their constant expressions of gratitude aren't just cloying stage rituals: without those fans they might still be working in a factory or driving a truck.

TRUE COUNTRY music (by which I mean Haggard or Gene Watson or Tammy Wynette and not Kenny Rogers or Barbara Mandrell) has an extraordinary emotional directness, a pure true feeling that is vanishing now that Nashville is trying to adopt the style and manners of Los Angeles. Hank Williams described it best back in the Forties, when country was still known as 'hillbilly' music: 'When a hillbilly sings a crazy song, he feels crazy. When he sings, "I Laid My Mother Away", he sees her a-laying right there in the coffin.'

It was, and is, great music – but music schooled in poverty and resignation, hopelessness and religious guilt. Both the fans and the pious Nashville establishment expected the stars to be humble, and they were; even with the mansions and the servants they never lost that sense of social inferiority from being what the world called poor white trash. Coming to Nashville puts Fifties rock and roll in a new perspective. When rock and roll happened (and it nearly killed off country music when it did), it wasn't just exploding against sexual repression, but against the older generation's servility and deference.

Off-stage, Elvis was humble and said 'Yes, Sir' and 'No, Sir' to the end of his life. The performance was a different story, but the rebellion didn't last long, and it created its own kind of guilt. When fashion discarded them, nearly all the white rock and rollers ended up back in the Nashville fold. Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Conway Twitty, Wanda Jackson (now a born-again Christian) and Brenda Lee all found a home there – because country fans

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David Redfern

Goodness gracious Jerry Lee Lewis

really are loyal and forgiving, and they love the story of the Prodigal Son.

But Jerry Lee Lewis, the biggest prodigal of them all, is still an exception because humility just isn't part of his character. He has never apologised for anything he has done – and he has a lot to apologise for. Nor has he made money. Last year he was, as usual, in trouble with the tax authorities who sent the police to raid his house at 5 a.m. First they asked him to autograph a stack of albums, then they repossessed his cars.

What does make Lewis a true country artist is guilt, religious guilt. And if he doesn't have enough, his family will provide it. His cousin Jimmy Lee Swaggart is a celebrated evangelist and one of his favourite sermons is the sins of Jerry Lee. Swaggart has plenty to preach about right now, ever since Jerry Lee's fifth wife was found dead of a methadone overdose.

Last week I saw Jerry Lee in Hernando's Hideaway, a bar in Memphis. He had turned up there to celebrate the birthday of the waitress, his friend Mary Ruth Forbess. Mary Ruth is devoted to Jerry Lee whom she considers to be a true gentleman, a man who knows how to treat a lady, and a Christian. 'Don't ever try to argue religion with Jerry Lee – that man KNOWS his Bible!' she says.

Jerry Lee usually performs at Mary Ruth's birthday party, but this year he wasn't feeling well: he looks gaunt and haggard after a recent operation in which he lost most of his stomach. He sat in the back room with his new girl-friend Kerrie perched beside him and a bottle of Jack Daniels between his knees. There is a rumour that Kerrie moved into his house the night after his wife died, and some might say that it was a little unseemly for Jerry to be seen running around town carousing so soon after the funeral; but, as Mary Ruth says, 'You have to let Jerry Lee show his grief in his own way.'

'People have been accusing me of all sorts of things,' he muttered in his Louisiana swamp drawl. The music from the bar floated through and one patent-leather cowboy boot was tapping to the sound of 'Johnny B. Good'. Listening appreciatively, he said, 'Chuck Berry must be the Hank Williams of rock and roll' – the highest accolade a country singer could give.

He was in a good mood. He told us the name of every song the band played, and who had a hit with it. He complained that married women were always coming on to him. 'Now you KNOW Jerry Lee would never go with a married woman,' he said earnestly, while his friends smirked. He told a rambling, surreal story about coming into this very same room drunk one night, 'higher than a Carolina pine', and trying to talk to the television set: 'I couldn't figure out if it was a TV set or a fridge, so I married it,' he drawled. Someone laughed. 'All my marriage jokes are good,' he said. □

THEATRE
Christopher Edwards

Private passions

Master Harold . . . and the Boys
ATHOL FUGARD *Cottesloe*
Penthesilea
HEINRICH VON KLEIST *The Gate Theatre Club at the Latchmere*
Wedlock/Deadlock
MRS SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE adapted by FIDELIS MORGAN *King's Head*

Athol Fugard's latest piece has already played successfully in New York. Now the Market Theatre Company of Johannesburg brings it to the Cottesloe in a production directed by the author himself. The play is, by the author's own admission, 'the most totally and immediately autobiographical' of his works and derives from the relationship between Hally (the young Fugard) and Sam, a black waiter in Hally's mother's tearoom where the action takes place (a neat, green desolate set by Douglas Heap). It is a play of authorial exorcism and the key moment comes when Hally turns upon his old friend and mentor and spits in his face. The moment is approached through a series of memory speeches which plot the crucial role Sam played in Hally's lonely childhood not just as a friend but as a fellow student too when Hally brought home his schoolbooks and discussed them with him.

Sam in turn has been instructing Willy, his fellow waiter, in the art of ballroom dancing. Never a writer to miss a moral Fugard supplies Sam with a speech about dancing as a paradigm of universal harmony; to anyone who enjoys dancing this speech sounds a note of truth, but its heavy-handed explication is a characteristic of Fugard's writing here. He seems unable to leave anything to suggestion, everything has to be uncovered on the surface of the text, wrapped and delivered to the audience marked 'moral content'.

Sam is played with dignity by John Kani; Hally with a kind of brittle callowness by Duart Sylmain and, as the programme makes clear, the author's personal history leading up to and including the moment of shame, still carries an enormous charge for him. Unfortunately I didn't think his play came to life. In fact I found it extremely dull, and the succession of bald statements and homiletic underscorings very trying indeed.

Heinrich von Kleist's 1808 tragedy **Penthesilea** is a play of epic proportions which Michael Batz, with commendable enterprise, has attempted to squeeze on to the tiny stage at the Latchmere. The opening scene is very powerful – a battle-weary Odysseus (Terence McGinity), his grimed face lit by a single torch, recounts with an

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intensity that matches his tale, the extraordinary and baffling ferocity of Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons, who is leading her warriors against *both* Greek *and* Trojan. You have no difficulty in visualising this torrentially passionate woman driving over the plains on her 'Tiger horse', looking for battle. The object of her hatred, as it happens, turns out to be Achilles. The motive for their reciprocal violence is . . . love, and the play proceeds to analyse the relation of eros to thanatos with the boldness and 'modernity' that characterises Kleist's work and endears him to contemporary audiences.

The actual action, however, fails to live up to the intensity of the play's language and theme, although I suspect that this disappointment derives principally from Susannah York's central performance – she completely lacks severity or the least vestige of a martial presence, a natural vulnerability always penetrating through her frowns and swaggers. The production does, though, recover its authority towards the close and Robert Nye's translation, despite some absurd coinages, is vigorously imagistic.

Finally, **Wedlock/Deadlock,** a Restoration comedy with songs in an adaptation by Fidelis Morgan. The original playwright was Mrs Susannah Centlivre, one of several female playwrights of the period about whom Fidelis Morgan has written in her book *The Female Wits*. The play is set on the remote East Indies island of Cosgar where Lady Mezra (Paola Dionisotti) has hunted herself down a rich Emir for a husband.

There is a lot of toing and froing against a Rousseau-esque jungle set, with drunken, randy sailors, grass-skirted natives and a quarrelling married couple who behave like a *Carry On* version of Achilles and Penthesilea. Somewhere in the play there is buried a half-forgotten satire against marriage but little gets through the jokey camperoo of this piece with its second-rate songs. Paola Dionisotti is, of course, a delight to watch, and Sian Thomas and Celia Imrie earn deserved laughs for stylish delivery. A thin occasion though. □

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ART
John Spurling

Pride of lions

The Genius of Venice, 1500-1600
RA

A year ago these walls groaned with Caravaggios, Riberas and Artemisia Gentileschis. Holofernes and the Baptist were beheaded, Marsyas flayed, Christ tortured, St Ursula transfixed with an arrow. Now, courtesy of the RA's latest sponsor, Sea Containers Group, and latest team of scholars, led by John Hale, 17th-century Naples has given place to 16th-century Venice. Nine Titians occupy the end wall of the central gallery, with some 13 more disposed elsewhere; 15 Veroneses are present and correct; also a dozen each of Tintoretto and Lotto; and this is to count only their paintings. The more than 300 works in the exhibition, by these and many lesser-known masters, include drawings, prints and sculptures and have been gathered from both sides of the iron curtain as well as both sides of the Atlantic.

However spectacular previous RA spectaculars have been, they have all to some extent been curiosities, concerned with alien cultures or neglected areas of our own culture. The exception was the Post-Impressionist show and that was badly muffed, in that it was so unselective as to leave everybody even more confused than before about the real nature of Post-Impressionism. 'The Genius of Venice' takes one of the central strands of our culture and spreads it out for us with dazzling virtuosity. You feel that every work here has earned its inclusion, has been chosen both for itself and for its part in the whole demonstration.

The exhibition proper begins – after it has introduced you to Venetian history and its special mixture of republicanism, oligarchy, imperialism and decline to small-power status – with a ghost. It is generally agreed that Giorgione was the founding genius of 16th-century Venetian art, that his coloration, his poetic landscape, his ability to put air and space round the soft human form without using hard outlines, gave the key to all the rest, but just because his influence was so powerful it is not easy to put your finger on an indisputable Giorgione. The truth is that unless you can see two early Titians as Giorgiones or follow Oberhuber in believing that a drawing of the Adoration of the Shepherds is by the man himself, you will find this show Giorgione-less.

All the same it is Giorgione's spirit that presides, both in the sensuous beauty of the Venetians' technique and in the dignified humanity of their content. The contrast with those crepuscular, tormented Neapolitans of yesteryear could not be more extreme: here is a world flooded with light and colour, in which the characteristic subjects are not cruelty and suffering, but love, companionship and sociable individuality. For the Neapolitans God's existence was proved mainly by what a person would do or go through in His name; for the Venetians it was part of their delight and trust in this world. Instead of murders and martyrdoms they preferred to depict the Holy Family relaxing on the way to Egypt (with the donkey being watered at a handy stream) or the mystic marriage of St Catherine or the adoration of the shepherds (seldom those non-republican kings) or, above all, that archetypal image of the equalising of God and man, the Annunciation. There are at least eight Annunciations at the RA, of which the most remarkable are Vittoria's bronze relief and one of Lotto's two paintings of the subject.

Vittoria shows Mary turned back suddenly in profile from her prayer-desk, her draperies billowing almost over her head as she receives the full force of the message from a heaven swarming with aerobatic cupids. But it is the messenger himself who has disturbed the air: his own turbulent draperies, flexed knees and the great wing still thrown forwards over his shoulder with the impact suggest that he has just made a perfect two-point landing at high speed from a great height. In Lotto's painting God himself is visible through the tall archway at the back, diving diagonally out of a cloud towards Mary, who kneels to face the viewer at the front, her hands thrown up palm outwards to ward off the shock, her expression and the set of her head and body tensely equivocal (awe, uncertainty, a sense of herself and what is due to her, humility, acceptance). Between God and Mary kneels a powerfully-built angel in ethereal blue, his eyes directed at Mary with the same intensity as God's, and between the angel and Mary darts a terrified tabby cat, its back arched and tail curling, its expression as electrically charged as everyone else's. There is nothing inward or mystical about this astonishing scene – all the interwoven emotions and metaphysical implications are exteriorised into space, movement, form and immediate physical reaction, as they are in Vittoria's bronze relief.

This indeed is the essence of Venetian 16th-century art – not just colour and sensuality as against Florentine line and intellectuality, but pictorial structure, the full presence of sentient beings, whether human or divine, in expansive, three-dimensional space. Tintoretto can achieve it with hundreds of figures in a huge vision of Paradise, whose companionable inhabitants make ribbons and swathes of rainbow colour against a rich blue sky dotted with gold stars; Titian and Moroni can do it with portraits of grave, unostentatious gentlemen dressed in black; Veronese with a beautiful, slightly blushing, slightly plump lady in deep brown velvet; Bassano with a crowded frieze of shepherds, animals and Holy Family among ruined masonry; Scolari (in a woodcut) with St George and his horse rearing over a particularly vicious dragon beneath a demonic cliff and a feverish sky of Munch-like pertubation.

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For, although the world projected by the Venetians is basically stable and humane and even, in a rather grand way, domestic, there is no hint of either stasis or complacency – the characters are too full of movement, too evidently alive and responsive to one another. Titian, above all, though he may have begun in the lyrical vein of his master Giorgione, became one of the greatest dramatists in paint there has ever been. Two of his last and most violent paintings have come to the RA: the magnificently coloured *Tarquin and Lucretia* and the perhaps unfinished *Flaying of Marsyas*, which seems at first to be an uncharacteristically blurred, mud-coloured, spatially unarticulated image of bestiality.

Gradually one learns to live with the appalling events of the foreground – the stretched upside-down Marsyas, his hairy legs tied cross-wise to a tree, the bending figure of Apollo cutting away the skin. Then the space behind begins to shake itself free, as one becomes aware that the dense brown foliage up right overhangs a stream from which the laughing satyr at centre right is arriving with a bucket; that the lights and colours are there in odd caps and cloaks and blended into the flesh of the seven participants and the glimpse of stormy sky beyond; that, in short, it is a masterpiece of Impressionism from the imagination of Goya, a picture of the earth as it was and would be without the Annunciation, a denial of everything Venetian 16th-century painting stands for, but made with such sophisticated art that it denies the denial. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Double act

IT LOOKS as though Guy Burgess (**An Englishman Abroad,** BBC-1) has finally been welcomed into the pantheon of popular British traitors, that reassuring Chamber of Horrors with which we neutralise the meaning of treachery. Did he see much of Maclean these days? God no! Not at all amusing. No jokes. No jokes at all. Not at all the sort of person you'd want to go away with, and yet here we are, aren't we, married to each other like Debenham and Freebody and Crosse and Blackwell . . .

This would have been a good play even without the eye-witness presence of Coral Browne, whose encounter with Burgess in Moscow in 1958 suggested it to Alan Bennett. But this tenuous link with actuality gave the piece an unusual fascination, as if we had finally found out who Guy Burgess really was under that anti-Father Christmas outfit of his: if Coral Browne was Coral Browne, Guy Burgess must be Alan Bates, the famous actor and film star and the whole worrying episode could be treated as a charming cabaret turn, a harmless burning in effigy of some shadowy figure whom we would all some day learn to love, no doubt, without really knowing why or what he had done. All very British. A penny for the Guy!

Richard Hoggart, on **Did You See** (BBC-2), seemed to go along with this Robin Hood view of history, noting that 'Burgess' kept quoting Auden and that he looked and talked like Auden, who had been to stay with the Hoggarts and had that kind of homosexual charm that women, his wife anyway, seemed to find irresistible. (The programme teetered on the verge of investigating this visit in more detail, but Ludo stifled his curiosity and ours.) The balance to Mrs Hoggart's susceptibility was provided in the play by the character of Coral Browne herself, who, in Bennett's version of events, seemed to feel more sorry for the wretched man than seduced by him, though I felt this was the hindsight of 1983 speaking rather than the compassion of 1958, when Burgess was still very much the blackguard.

Having heard something of Miss Browne's swashbuckling personality, I would guess her promenade to that dingy Moscow suburb (Dundee, the touring actor's graveyard!) was prompted more by the sense of an adventure she could dine out on than female fallibility or pity. After all, would she really not have gone to lunch with him if he had been less witty? And is being sick in a basin as funny in real life as it is in a play? 'If you wanted to come round and be sick', says Miss Browne, who is playing Hamlet's mother, 'you might at least have

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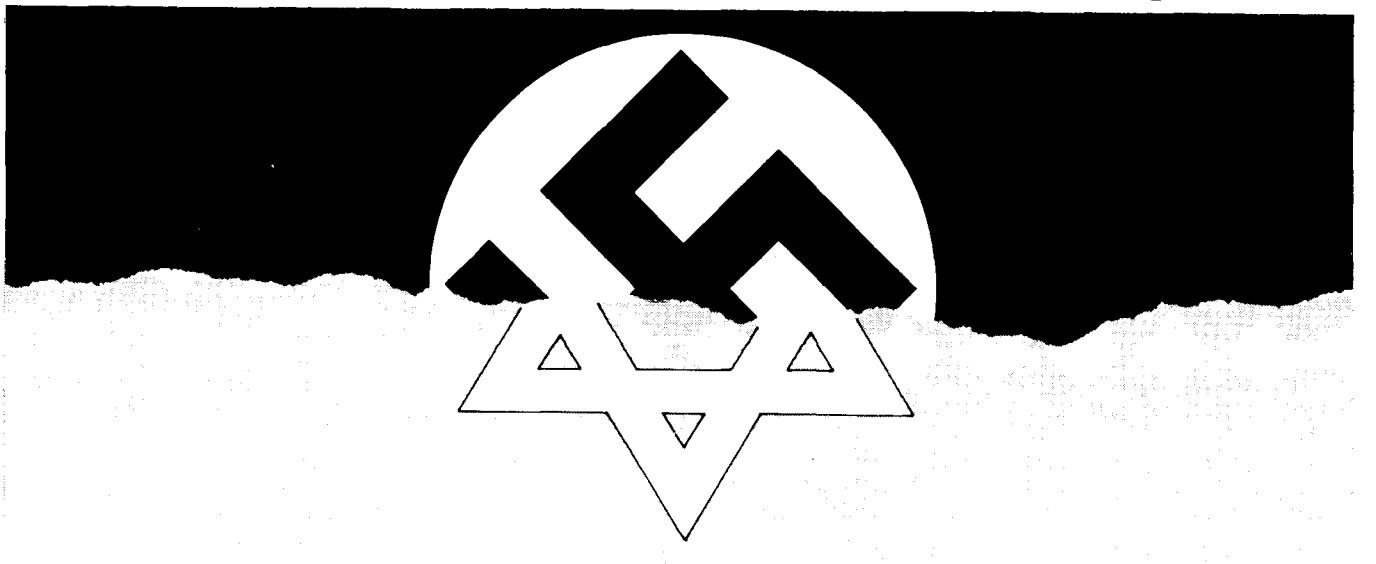

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waited till the end of the performance.' She tells him he reminds her of Oscar Wilde, but this too is not an image that would have sprung readily to mind in cold war days, though Bennett certainly packs the script with one-liners: 'When one is sick, it usually comes in threes, I find.'

I enjoyed the play up to the ticking-off speech when Browne tells him, 'You peed in our soup and we drank it.' I couldn't believe in Coral Browne treating Burgess as anything but light relief in a tedious tour of duty. She was bored and she needed a laugh, as did he: 'There's no one in Moscow. It's like staying up at Cambridge during the long vac. Did you know Jack Buchanan?' 'I suppose so,' answers Miss Browne, 'I nearly married him.'

And what woman ever hiked out to lunch with a man she felt sorry for? A rebellious Australian lady, she probably felt more fellow feeling with the wicked exile than patriotic censure. Her part in the play, if not her performance, was curiously hidebound by hindsight and balanced political judgment. Burgess and Bates were there all right, but were she?

ALTHOUGH DRINK, sex and cookery ads have long known the commercial value of foreign accents, they have yet to become essential to the career of TV personalities. Heinz Wolff is ahead of his time here. His accent is just right. He must be clever to be able to speak so very nearly like we do! In **The Future is Further Away Than You Think** (possibly BBC-1, but no *Radio Times* to check) the likeable explainer got on a London bus in colour and was transported back to the black and white world of 1948 as part of television's forthcoming search for meaningful generalisations about '1984'. According to Wolff, our technology hasn't changed much since the year the book was written, it's just been spread about more. In 1948 we would all mend everything we couldn't afford. Today we can afford everything but haven't a clue how it works. How come the technology hasn't changed then? I was fascinated to find out at last why some people go jogging: it's to get rid of the excess calories they have stored up due to central heating, which I now have a valid reason for not installing: I can neither afford it, nor mend it, nor go jogging.

One thing hasn't changed: the queues. In 1948, with something called 'full employment', they were outside, for goods. Today they are inside, for jobs, except that there aren't any. The show was fine on the good old days, less persuasive on modern times, which it swept through like a dose of salts, ignoring the possibility (courtesy of someone on *Did You See*) that with purchasing power spread wider it may be worse for those without it: untouchables within the tribe.

Perhaps the government should offer the same budgetting advice they gave in 1948: that we should smoke our cigarettes down to the butt, it might be good for us.

Are my eyes deceiving me, or is President Reagan's hairline doing the opposite of receding? □

FILMS
John Coleman

Good bet

Trading Places (15)
Empire
The Death of Mario Ricci (PG)
Academy Two
Biddy (U)
Minema

They may siphon in raunchier expletives these days but John Landis's downright merry and bright **Trading Places** is here to prove that they have not, after all, thrown away the mould of satiric comedy. More Capra than Sturges in its successful determination to stay up-beat, this breezy entertainment – written by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod – further shakes hands with past expertise by resurrecting Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche as a couple of dastardly Philadelphian capitalists, filthy-rich brothers who co-own a firm of commodity brokers. 'Mother always said you were greedy,' says Bellamy. 'She meant it as a *compliment*,' says Ameche, smug. Soon they have a $1 bet going: on whether environment or heredity maketh the man. Evilly gleeful, they arrange the downfall of Dan Aykroyd, toe-curlingly complacent as their blue-blooded top young executive, and his replacement by a youthful black street hustler (brilliant Eddie Murphy from *48 HRS*). The old 'moral' tale of dream-like reversals takes off from there.

But not before a pensive little overture – establishing shots of the ghettoes and mansions of Philadelphia, with Christmas round the corner; rich man Aykroyd pampered by butler Denholm Elliott (oddly known as Coleman – well, we also serve . . .), poor man Murphy playing a blind and legless beggar until miraculously cured by a pair of inquisitive cops, when his capering gratitude is something to see. Eddie Murphy, of course, gutter-wise, rapidly adapts to his new chauffeured and consulted role ('Motherfucker? *Moi*?' he flutes in a bar), giving the tricky old codgers sound commodities advice. Via marked money and drugs planted on him by a wicked henchman, Aykroyd finds reputation and fiancée gone but compensation – as who wouldn't? – in Jamie Lee Curtis's happy and harbouring hooker as he hits the skids. His finest moments come as a foully bedraggled Santa, stuffing red-robe pockets with buffet food, champing at a whole smoked salmon mixed with false beard under appalled eyes in the subway. In a grand-slam finale, he and his black stand-in join forces for vengeance on the floor of a tumultous commodities exchange.

Actually, the absolute end has all the nice guys and gal in a calypso island idyll, a cliché if ever there was one, and a few other passages brim a bit glibly with the condensed milk of human kindness and the yellow bile of corruption. But Landis and his writers are wonderfully served throughout by the actors, right down to guitarist Bo Diddley as a grudging pawnbroker. To watch them seize by the throat a train compartment scene, in which Murphy masquerades as a native-costumed exchange student from the Cameroons, busy with fly-whisk and proffering 'beef jerky' all round, Elliott goes insecurely Irish as a whisky-priest and Ms Curtis mangles Swedish vowels as a hugely haversacked hiker, is already to have got back the price of admission: inspired foolery.

It would be bad luck if Claude Goretta were to be dogged by memories of his exquisite *The Lace-maker* for the rest of his career. Certainly some of us thought his subsequent *A Girl from Lorraine* a simpering let-down. With **The Death of Mario Ricci** this Swiss director is firmly back on home territory and delicately in the saddle, as it were, of events. The piece establishes itself in the sort of tranquil village where the tinkle of cowbells only now and again gives way to the snarl of motorbikes, in this case a significant sound. For Gian-Maria Volonte, here all limping, grizzled integrity, plays a celebrated TV reporter who arrives with young assistant and crew to interview a world expert on famine (neurotic Heinz Bennent), to find himself enmeshed instead in the hit-and-run death of an Italian workman. While his sidekick falls for Bennent's worried blonde mistress (Mimsy Farmer), Volonte has his own night of love with the rueful, stoic waitress (delightful Magali Noel) at their inn.

Scraps of conversation from the bar tables downstairs, overheard at the local salon where Volonte goes to be shaved, and ASSASSIN scrawled in paint on the road and elsewhere, lead the instinctive investigator into undercurrents of jealousy, suspicion and village hostility towards Italian labourers ('Mafia!' shouts a drunk); also towards a confessional solution of that accident's true genesis. There is a fair with dancing after a football match; and a near-suicide. Goretta's close observation makes something unusually absorbing out of this glancing material, a slow opening-up of that apparently placid community to reveal its small cancers.

Written, edited and directed by Christine Edzard, who scripted *The Tales of Beatrix Potter* and made the combined live-action and stop-animation *Tales from a Flying Trunk*, the 86-minute **Biddy** is a haunting portrait of a Victorian nursemaid, down the years from Christmas, 1861, to the time when her little charges have grown up and the now stooping servant-cum-companion finds her precious linen cupboards locked against her. Celia Bannerman, as the 'upstairs' Biddy, her view of the changing world below largely confined to peers down the stair-well, rattles mostly marvellously, now and then archly, on and on like some reincarnation of Alice, quoting Carroll indeed as well as Byron and Shakespeare, plying her needle proudly, alert and ironic in a realm of textures. A subtle, remarkable work, with an after-taste of bitterness. □

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No 2797 **Set by C. Fever**

Several characters are being 'written out' of *Coronation Street*. How would earlier authors have dealt with 'write-out' problems?

Report **By Jeff Squiffy**

Shakespeare swept the board, as is only right and proper, and it was pleasing to see a real playwright (Arden, J.) getting among the loot. I wish there were room for more of you, but She has forbidden it. I cannot but obey. Nightingales all round.

To be or not to be; that is the question.
And yet why should this nicely measured trope,
This tedious fornication of the mind,
Deter my fixed and inward inclination?
Oh perish all the everlasting canons,
And banish to perdition those deep currents
And whirling maelstroms in the studious brain
That drown the name of action. Face the facts:
I have a father kill'd, a mother whor'd,
An uncle doubly dy'd in crime, a love
That's prov'd as false as ever woman was.
Why Hamlet, therefore, e'er should wish to live
Is, like the cameleopard, a great riddle
And must be answered thus –
(*Stabs himself.*) And so to rest.
Ophelia, Gertrude, Claudius, all, farewell!
I'll see thee next in Heaven, or in Hell.
(*Dies.*) BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Enorbarbus: I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails. The oars were silver.
Four strokes they pull'd onto the River Cydnus
When, under burden of such weighty pomp,
She sank!
Agrippa: O! tough for Antony.
Enobarbus: Down she went like the Proverbial Stone,
And those attending her did naught but watch.
O'ercome with perfume and with gaudy glare,
They could not move until the crocodile
Slipp'd from his reedy bed and, smiling, join'd them.
N. J. WARBUTON

W.S. to Mr Ric Burbage, player: in haste –
Why should I cross you in this exigent? If you fall sick, then you must needs fall sick. Macb. goeth incontinent, my dear, naught easier. Perpend:
Act V, Sc. 5: Enter Lady Macb. & Gentlewoman. A cry of thanes, within.
Lady Macb: What is that noise?
Gentlewoman: It is the cry of thanes, my gracious queen.
Enter Doctor.
Doc: The king, my lady, 'sdead.
Lady M: He should have died hereafter.
Enter Malcolm etc, drum, colours.
Lady M: Hail, king! For so thou art: or wilt be soon
When thou hast wed me on the stone of Scone.
Still Music, Enter Hecate & Witches in manner of a masque of Hymen, bringing Lady Macb. and Malcolm to close embracement: thereupon, exeunt lovingly. Flourish.

So it curtaileth the play? So let's keep it northern, double-bill with *The Yorkshire Tragedy* . . .
Yrs., Shgsbr.
JOHN ARDEN

FIRST PERSON

Anna Coote

Beating the system

A ROAD JUNCTION is an odd thing to associate with a friend, but when I drive through Vauxhall Cross, I always think of Antonio.

In fact, nobody drives *through* Vauxhall Cross. From whichever end you approach that maze of traffic signals, at whatever moment you enter its ingenious timing cycle, you are forced to stop and reflect – on the hideous Nine Elms Cold Store, on the dull hump of Vauxhall Bridge, on the sad, stumbling figures outside the Rowton hostel for homeless men. Each landmark can be observed at leisure, as you crawl from one red light to the next. Whoever invented Vauxhall Cross bore a terrible grudge against motorists.

Years ago, Antonio drove me home that way one evening and revealed a vital aspect of his character to me. We were coming up to the first set of lights, having some kind of conversation. Suddenly, he put his foot down and hung a left under the railway arch. 'What are you doing?' I asked. '*Beating the system!*' he replied in a strangely excited tone. We swung round through a green light towards Stockwell, then looped back through another and another towards Battersea. 'D'you see that lorry?' he demanded, pointing triumphantly over his shoulder as we cut across a queue of traffic, the lights once more in our favour. 'That lorry was *ahead* of us!' Thereafter, I copied the dodge – and it almost always worked. I also learned that beating the system was Antonio's speciality.

He had a well paid job, a company car and an expense account. He mixed with radicals and media people and was liked within a broad circle of friends. He maintained good relations with his ex-wife and kids. He lived alone, tending a well stocked, tidy garden of sexual liaisons.

No one would have called him beautiful or stylish – or even especially dynamic. Nor was he known for sex appeal. But when it came to women, he had the system well and truly cracked. He was discreetly truthful about his affairs and I never ceased to be impressed by the consistent quality of the women he dated. Intelligent, original, good-looking, unattached – some of them knew each other and would exchange notes from time to time. 'Any new men in your life?' 'You must be joking.' 'Still seeing Antonio?' 'Mmm, well, I saw him last Tuesday and we're going to the theatre a fortnight on Friday . . .' Jealousies were never aroused. The women would find themselves asking each other: 'How does he get away with it?'

The secret of Antonio's success was probably that he combined a relatively modern taste in female companionship with an old-fashioned routine. He had a penchant for the Seventies' version of what George Gissing called the 'Odd Women': those who had eschewed marriage, who wouldn't put up with badly-behaved men, who wanted to go their own way, and who didn't choose celibacy but rather had it thrust upon them. Antonio would telephone, offer a meal or a theatre ticket, turn up promptly, engage them in civilised argument over dinner, pay by credit card and (after the first two or three occasions) invite himself home to bed. Before leaving, he would take care to arrange a date in three or four weeks' time.

So decent were his intervals that the women never felt put-upon. So inoffensive was his credit card (paid for by the company) that they could enjoy his intermittent treats without injury to pride. He never had to argue about who did the washing-up. He never had to worry about unwelcome entanglements – because all these affairs were listed under Friendship, not Romance. Just as he made it his business to outwit the Vauxhall Cross traffic system, so he cut a swathe through the female population of London, the South East and, for all I know, the Midland Region too.

I played but a walk-on part in the mighty epic of Antonio's sex life. With his unerring instinct, he presented himself just after my marriage had ended and began to date me regularly. (I use this quaint term because nothing else describes the way he conducted himself). I had to invent the name Antonio, although he never knew about it. An affair which seemed as sensible as a pair of brogues needed a little *elan*. 'Tonight I have a date with *Antonio*,' I would tell myself in a heavy Italian accent. His real name was more prosaic.

After a while I had to put a stop to it. Not that I objected to his other women – far from it; good luck to them all. But it wasn't *fair*. No woman could operate in that way. For a start, there was no equivalent population of 'Odd Men' (strictly in the Gissing sense). Even if there were, how many women had expense accounts to help soften them up? Any female who tried to beat the system would be clobbered by the double standard of morality in our enlightened times. I told Antonio I couldn't go on aiding and abetting such gross privilege. He took it philosophically and shifted me into his lunching mode. We remained friends.

Recently I heard that he had hung up his spurs. He's settled down happily with a full-time cohabitee. At about the same time, I discovered that they'd changed the signals at Vauxhall Cross: no need to beat the system any more. If you don't believe me, try it – you can now drive straight through from east to west, with green lights all the way. Just a coincidence. □

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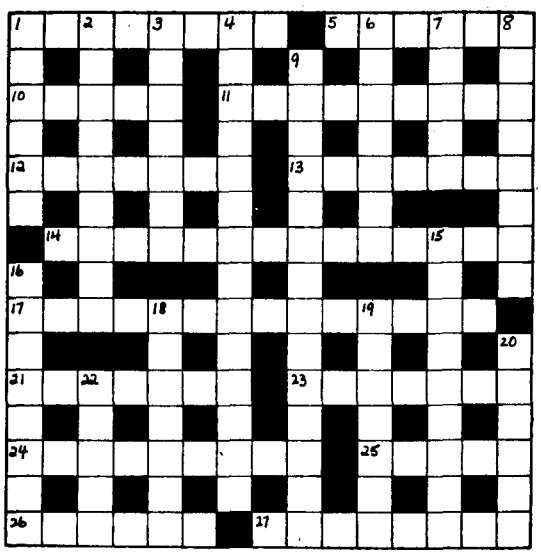
Weekend Crossword 1423

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1423, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 20 December.



Name_____

Address_____

ACROSS

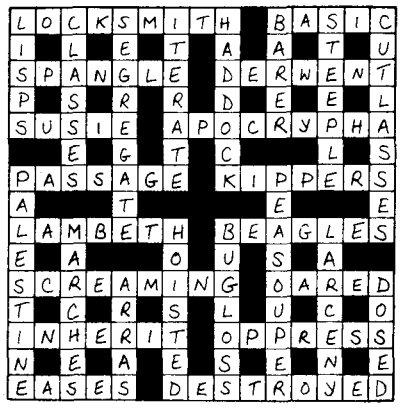
1. Talk of seed being scattered round bed (8)
5. Have a page to ring or call (8)
10. he results of three-power calculations? (5)
11. Drinking vessels? (9)
12. Artist turns strange and sick with love (7)
13. Where I lose my footing after an unfinished score (7)
14. It brightens the way when there is a fresh letter in view (14)
17. Academic who gives depravity the opportunity to turn back (14)
21. Live to a hundred and in care perhaps – that's Maxim's wife (7)
23. I am involved with a gun at a place abroad (7)
24. 'For the —— creatures go About my table to and fro' (Yeats) (9)
25. There is nothing missing from the fruit in this cooker (5)
26. Crazy about a girl being something to eat (6)
27. A Lancing product is a member of the Church (8)

DOWN

1. Leave secretly when beaten back by a politician (6)
2. A pub in a strange city is luxurious (9)
3. Decide to do the puzzle again? (7)
4. A gathering of Americans may make treaty ban and stop nothing (6,3,5)
6. Not very well off although one pursues gold among the smart set (7)
7. Place for us in the London underworld (5)
8. Part of book which makes stag leap wildly (4,4)
9. Comedian makes a help tell a tale and gives a fellow nothing back (7,7)
15. Kind of chemistry which sends those in love racing about (9)
16. Hover about with a listener to obtain secrets (8)
18. Those who raise dogs? (7)
19. In the side at an age in the fifties (7)
20. Where smugglers are found to take precautions against sailors (6)
22. Born to study for one's living (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1422



Prizewinners to 1422

Mrs K. Hooper (Malvern, Worcs.)
Les Linn (Rochford, Essex)
Mrs J. C. Wilson (Paisley)

★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

DEATH

FOX. – On 2 December 1983, peacefully at his home in Littlehampton, Sussex, IVOR FOX. Family funeral. No flowers, but donations if desired may be sent for 'Cancer Research', c/o F. A. Holland & Son, Terminus Road, Littlehampton, Sussex. Tel: Littlehampton 3939.

GENERAL SERVICES

BOOKBINDING SERVICE: For bookbinding, rebinding and document repairs. 01-360 7748.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

QUALITY typing. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

APPEALS

FILM SET sketches and photographs. Film buff requires items for private collection. Phone 01-930 8499.

GIFTS

BORED WITH SCRABBLING ABOUT? This Christmas try BANGOES, the other word-making game. £5. From Jo-Re-Mi, 52 Montpelier Road, Brighton BN1 3BA.

THERAPY

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

EXPERIENCED PSYCHOTHERAPIST. I work with individuals, couples, families and groups who have specific problems as well as those looking for growth and quality in their lives. Paul Allsop, tel: 01-450 3944.

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

RACE IN SCHOOLS (Helping teachers to cope). 'Outstanding report' (press) a guide by Gillian Klein, published by the Centre for Contemporary Studies. £1. 01-359 6097/2683, or 202 New North Road, London N1 7BL.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

STAND MAGAZINE Winter 1983-84

A quarterly of new writing.

In this issue: full results of our Short Story Competition, 1st prize £1,000, and first four stories; poems by Rolf Jacobsen, Ronald Bottrall, Anne Stevenson, John Cassidy & others; Roy Fisher on Dada; William Cooke on Edward Thomas; poetry reviews by Rodney Pybus and Terry Eagleton.

One year £5.50 (UK) or £6/$12 (abroad)

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £45 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

WANTED

20-YEAR-OLD AMERICAN MALE STUDENT (Williams College) would like experience of living with English family while studying in London, 15 January to 29 May. Pay room and board. References provided. Reply airmail to: Thomas Sharpe, 8754 Radburn Drive, Baldwinsville, NY 13027, USA.

CHRISTMAS 1983 CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEADLINES

Christmas Double Issue – 16/23 December
11am Tuesday 13 December

New Year Issue – 30 December
11am Tuesday 20 December

Normal deadlines for subsequent issues including 6 January 1984

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APPOINTMENTS

New Statesman JOURNALIST

We have a part-time vacancy for a Journalist with editing and sub-editing skills and preferably with layout experience.

The work would normally be on Mondays and Tuesdays each week. Applicants should be in broad sympathy with the policies and interests of the **NEW STATESMAN.**

Salary based **pro rata** on a full rate of **£8,750** p.a.

Please apply, sending a brief c.v., to:
The Editor, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

Closing date for applications: 23 December 1983.

CHIEF EXECUTIVE'S DEPARTMENT
Newham's newly created Police Sub-Committee requires a

Research and Liaison Officer

PO1 (1-5) £10,542-£11,649 p.a. inc.

The Council wish to appoint a Research and Liaison Officer for the Police Sub-Committee. This appointment will be responsible to the Chief Executive and the person appointed will need to have an understanding of the Council's policies for the accountability of the Police to the Community. The successful candidate will assist the Council in achieving its objectives by research into Police activities in the Community and developing the relationship between the Police and the Council.

Further information and an application form are available on request from the Chief Executive, Town Hall, East Ham, London E6 2RP or telephone 01-471 0619 (24-hour answering service). Please quote reference ASC/339.

Closing date: 20 December 1983.

An Equal Opportunity Employer

LONDON BOROUGH OF NEWHAM

National Union of Public Employees

HEALTH SERVICE RESEARCH ASSISTANT

A vacancy has arisen in our Research Department for a Research Assistant to specialise on health service matters. NUPE is Britain's fifth largest trade union with over a quarter of a million members in the health service.

The successful candidate will be involved in a wide range of trade union research work, including preparing briefings, servicing committees, providing support for negotiators, and helping to develop the Union's policy.

Candidates will be expected to show a commitment to the labour movement, an ability to undertake research and a willingness to work with others. A good degree and some knowledge of the health service would be an advantage.

The salary will be on the scale £8,832-£9,855.

This is a readvertisement. Previous applicants will be reconsidered and need not apply again.

Application forms may be obtained by writing to **Maureen Chapman, NUPE, 20 Grand Depot Road, London SE18 6SF** to whom this should be returned by **10 January, 1984.** Interviews will be held on **17 January.**

Employment Development

Lewisham Council is committed to fighting the employment crisis in Lewisham where over 17,000 people are unemployed. We are working at the local level towards an economy in which all people have an equal opportunity to contribute to, and benefit from, the production of goods and services which the community really needs.
The Employment and Industry Committee has recently completed a major review of all the Council's local economic policies. It has set out a challenging programme of work to: Sustain and create jobs; increase support to local employers; encourage development of new firms especially co-ops and community enterprises; expand and improve training; fight race and sex descrimination in employment and training; and maximise democratic control over the local economy.
We are looking for highly motivated staff who are committed to these objectives and able to put the policies into practice with maximum effect and sensitivity.
To lead this work the Council is establishing a new Employment and Economic Development Division comprising 5 units: Employment Promotion; Development; Training Promotion; MSC Projects; and Economic Strategy.

Head of Division

Salary rising to £18,003 (inclusive)

To be directly responsible to Committee for the development and implementation of the Council's employment and economic development policies, both through the work of the Division and through effective co-ordination with other departments and external organisations. The post offers a unique opportunity to make a major personal contribution towards overcoming current problems of inner city unemployment and economic decline.

Applicants should already have had sufficient experience to be able to demonstrate their ability to achieve results in this field. Management ability and a capacity to innovate are necessary together with a thorough understanding of urban employment and economic problems and issues.

Assistance towards relocation expenses may be considered in appropriate cases. Car allowance is payable.

For an informal discussion about this post, please telephone Charles Storm, Borough Planning Officer on 01-690 4343.

For application form and job details write to the Planning Department, Room 34, Town Hall Chambers, Catford, London SE6 4RU or telephone 01-690 4343 ext 636 quoting reference P100.

Closing date for applications Tuesday 3rd January 1984.

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM

Our jobs are open equally to all races and both sexes.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

PHOTOGRAPHY ADMINISTRATION
PHOTO CO-OP

requires enthusiastic person with some picture research and office skills to run a small library and co-ordinate photographers. Half-time initially for 12 months. **£4,260 p.a.**

Write to:
The Secretary
Photo-Co-op
9 Dalebury Road
London SW17

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

CAMDEN CITIZENS' ADVICE BUREAUX SERVICE
Campaign Worker

Full time to work with 6 CABX campaigning on Social Policy issues to increase the effectiveness of the service in this area.

A thorough knowledge of Social Policy issues at local and national levels required.

Journalistic and/or research background useful. CAB or similar experience desirable.

Salary **£10,194-£11,673** according to experience

Applications encouraged regardless of disability, race, sex or creed.

Tel: Jacquie Speakman
01-387 6054
for job description etc.
Closing date for application:
30 December 1983

WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE (UK)

EDUCATION ADVICE WORKER AND ASSISTANT

WUS(UK) is seeking two experienced workers for our educational advice service. The role of the Advice Worker will be to co-ordinate and develop the advisory service offered to refugees living in the London area. The Assistant will provide the necessary administrative and secretarial back-up. At present funding for both posts available until March 1985. Candidates will need to be knowledgeable on all aspects of further and higher education in the UK, and have experience of working in refugee education field. Starting salary for both posts £8,300. Closing date for applications **23 December 1983.**

For further details contact: **Kathy McGuinness, WUS (UK), 20/21 Compton Terrace, London N1 2UN. Tel: 01-226 6747.**

HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

Property of Dallas Public Library Texas

BURGUNDY. Enjoy country life, wines, cuisine and language learning with French family. Brochure from D. Beral, 22 Villa Lambert, 78400 Chatou, France.

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Full board at first-class hotel for 5 days
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A WEEK BY THE BLACK SEA 26 April-6 May £125
By the Orient Express with full board
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YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

LISTINGS

FRI 9 DECEMBER

LONDON 'The Future of Gay Rights' Spkr Peter Tatchell 7.30pm Library Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. **Org Gay Humanist Group, 34 Spring La, Kenilworth, Warwicks. 0926 58450.**

SAT 10 DECEMBER

WEST MIDLANDS Beginning of 'Refuse Cruise' wkend. Actions all over W. Midlands incl Selly Oak CND torchlit procession. **Details: Sara Packer 021-472 6593.**

GREENHAM COMMON Embrace the base on 4th Anniversary of 1979 decision to deploy Cruise and Pershing 2. Bring mirrors.

STIRLING Day School on Latin America. Spkrs incl Nicaraguan Ambassador, High Commissioner, Grenada, Joan Jara, Rep. from Cuban Embassy. 10.30am-4pm Mayfield Centre. **Org Stirling and District Chile Solidarity Comm., 10 Irvine Pl, Stirling 78782/Jan Watson 822633, Rowland Sheret 71554.**

WOOD GREEN *Australian Labor Party Xmas* Social from 8pm. **Details: 01-889 9500.**

LONDON Namibian Women's Day 2-5pm Caxton House, St Johns Way, N19. Namibian women students' play *Separation*, guest spkrs on women's issues in Namibia. Refreshments. **Org SWAPO Women's Solidarity Campaign, c/o 9 Palatine Rd, N16.**

LONDON Barbara Rogers will be signing copies of her book *52% – getting women's power into politics* 12.30-2pm Commonwealth Inst, Kensington High Street, W8. **Org The Women's Press/SOMA Books.**

LIVERPOOL Riverside Constituency Labour Party Day School – 'Marxism and Socialism'. Workshops, spkrs incl Geoff Hodgson, Liz Kingdom, Pat Wall. 11am-4pm AUEW Hall, Mount Pleasant. Adm. £1/50p unwaged. **Details: Paul Thompson, 50 Errol St, Liverpool L17 7DJ. 051-727 6353.**

SWISS COTTAGE AGM of International Fdn. Left Europe, UK Grp. 2-5pm 48 Boundary Road (Downstairs area). **Details: Hon. Sec. Rosemary Ross, 21 Connaught Rd, Harpenden, Herts. 05827 5399.**

HAMPSTEAD Hampstead and Highgate Labour Party Christmas Fair. 11.30am-4pm Old Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, NW3. Adm 20p/5p unwaged. **Details: Muriel Venning, Fundraising officer, 01-435 2399.**

SUN 11 DECEMBER

LONDON 'Ireland and Women – Irish culture, music, language.' Spkrs Bernie Smith, Siubhan McNally, discn. 4.30pm A Woman's Place, Hungerford House, Victoria Embankment, WC2. Adm. free, tea/coffee, creche. **Org London Armagh co-ordinating grp, c/o 374 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.**

LONDON 'Maintenance on Divorce – A Feminist Issue?' day-conf (women only) 11am-5pm Caxton House, 129 St Johns Way, N19. Access for disabled, creche if booked in advance. **Details & registration: Julia Brophy, ROW, 374 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1. 01-278 6349.**

LONDON Solidarnosc Rally for Peace, Justice and Freedom in Poland. 3pm Hammersmith Town Hall, King St, W6. Speeches, poetry, music. **Org Polish Solidarity Campaign and Solidarnosc Info. Office in UK 01-837 9464.**

MON 12 DECEMBER

NOTTINGHAM 'The Role of Peace Centres in the Community' Spkr Stephanie Duzcek of York Peace Centre 7.30pm Adult Education Centre, Shakespeare St. **Details for Nottingham Peace Lectures: John Ferris, 0602 56101, x 3377.**

TUES 13 DECEMBER

MANCHESTER 'Can Science save municipal socialism? – local planning and technical change'. Spkrs J. Darwen, Employment Dept., City of Sheffield, G. Ford, Tameside councillor. 7.30pm Polytechnic Students Union, Sidney St, (off Oxford Rd). **Details: BSSRS, 9 Poland St, London, W1. 01-437 2728.**

LONDON Ken Loach speaks out about IBA ban on his film *A Question of Leadership* 5pm in Members Room, 54 Doughty St, WC1. **Org Campaign for Press and Broadcasting Freedom, 9 Poland St, W1. 01-437 2795.**

LONDON Peace Education Group meeting 5.30pm All welcome at Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. **Details: Jackie 01-387 5501.**

WED 14 DECEMBER

LONDON 'Islam and Politics' Prof. Sami Zubaida, Dept of Politics and Sociology, 1-2pm Adm. Free. Birkbeck College, Malet St, WC1.

HARINGEY 'Can we stop this Civil Defence Nonsense?' briefing meeting by Haringey Nuclear Free Zone Co-ordinating Comm. 7.30pm Council Chamber, Civic Centre, High Rd, N22. Spkrs incl Simon Turney, Chair GLC Public Services, Jack Dromey, National officer TGWU, Liz Freuthal, Sec HNFZCC. **Details: 01-888 9500.**

LONDON 'Rethinking socialist policy on Europe' Spkr John Palmer. 7.30pm Freemasons Arms, 81 Long Acre, WC2. **Details: Socialist Society, 9 Poland St, W1 01-734 8501..**

LONDON 'Things that grow bumps in the Night' Chats Palace Christmas Show opens at Homerton Community Centre, 42 Brooksbys Walk, E9. Tickets: £3/£2 unwaged, senior citizens, students. £1 under 16s. **01-533 0227.**

LONDON 'Poland, Peace and Solidarity'. Spkr Wiktor Moszczynski. 7pm The Grafton Arms, 72 Grafton Way, WC1. **Details: Roger Manser 01-302 7323.**

THURS 15 DECEMBER

LONDON Stop Acid Rain Thursday: Protest outside Central Electricity Board against CEGB's acid pollution of Europe and Scandinavia. Meet CEGB office, Sudbury House, 15 Newgate St, EC1. 10.45am. Bring umbrellas, dead fish, dead trees. **Details: START 01-809 3893.**

BIRMINGHAM 'Technology and the Working class' 7.30pm Dr Johnson House, Bull St. All welcome, Adm. free. **Org Birmingham Branch Socialist Party of Great Britain, 13 Gibbins Rd, Selly Oak.**

BRIXTON Greenham Wirecutters Benefit – Poison girls at the Fridge, 390 Brixton Rd, SW9. Adm. £2.50/£2 unwaged/NUS. **Details: 01-582 5088.**

LONDON 'The Role of the LEA member in the Policy-making process'. Seminar and discn. by George Nicholson, designated member for Political Education, ILEA. 5.30-7pm Rm 3B18, King's College, Strand, WC2. **Org Politics, Education and Society Seminar group c/o 01-836 5454 x 2325.**

FRI 16 DECEMBER

LONDON Seminar on Cultural Repression in Kenya, Philippines, Chile with Ngugi wa Thiong'o, Joji Carino, Luis Silva. 7pm Friends Meeting House, Euston Rd, NW1. **Joint orgs Comm for Release of Political Prisoners in Kenya, Philipino Support Grp, Chile Solidarity Campaign. Quintin Given, 01-272 4298.**

FORTHCOMING

2-4 JAN KENT 'Kibbutz Seminar' for 14-18 yr-olds. Games, hikes, drama, dance and discn. £15. **Details: and registration by 15 Dec. MAPAM, Rakefet 01-328 2554.**

9 JAN LONDON Short practical course on: Handling the media; Producing publicity; Poster and banner design, etc. for non-professionals. 12 wk course, 1 eve per wk. Fees: £8-£12/£1 unwaged. **Enrol today at Community Education unit, London College of Printing, Elephant and Castle, SE1. Details: Mary Chamberlain, 01-735 9100/8484 x 264.**

11 JAN LEWES Bruce Kent and Tim Rathbone MP debate 8pm Priory Lower School. **Org Lewes CND Kate Martin Lewes 77324.**

18 JAN WARWICK 'Can Law control the use of Force' Tom Campbell, Prof. of Jurisprudence, University of Glasgow. 7.30pm Arts Centre Conference Room, University of Warwick. Adm. Free.

27-28 JAN LEICESTER 'Interdisciplinary Work: Problems and Progress' Foundation conf. of Interdisciplinary Assoc of Mental Health Workers at University of Leicester. Spkrs inc: Prof. Anthony Clare, Prof. Kathleen Jones. Residential fee £40 (incls membership). **Details: Mrs F. Sykes, DES, University of Surrey, Guildford. 0483 571281.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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GROUPS/MEETINGS

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

BRITISH FRIENDS of Peace Now. Seminar 'Why the British Left should support the Peace Movement in Israel'. Sun. 11 Dec. 2.30-6, County Hall, SE1. Speakers include Ian Mikardo MP, Martin Plaut and Ilan Pappe.

FEAR CRUISE BUT NOT POLARIS? Do you totally reject first-strike weapons in our country but accept the need for genuine nuclear deterrence? Write to: First Stop First Strike, 15 Sandyhurst Lane, Ashford, Kent.

LABOUR SOCIAL SECURITY CAMPAIGN. Fight the Tory cuts in welfare benefits. Details: 49 Tettenhall Rd, Wolverhampton WV3 9NB.

'RETHINKING SOCIALIST POLICY ON EUROPE': Socialist Society meeting with John Palmer on 14 December, at the Freemasons Arms, 81 Long Acre, London WC2 at 7.30 p.m. Details: 01-734 8501.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday, 11 December, 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting. 'Reincarnation & Karma'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

German Historical Institute, London
Tuesday, 13 Dec, 5 pm
Prof. Dr Wilhelm Hennis
'Personality & Life Orders Max Weber's Theme'
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Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts 5 p.m.

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A LONER by pretence, now I'm lonely, single-parent, 35, thinking, artistic, attractive, sensitive, longs to meet a kind, kind, gentle man (for keeps!). Box 7166.

AMIABLE LEFTY bloke, mid-30s, divorced, London area, usual cultural pursuits plus walking and windsurfing, not a good timekeeper, would like to meet a more or less compatible, slim woman. Box 7198.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), divorced, loves arts, seeks attractive, intelligent, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim-medium, any race/circumstances, for warm friendship-/enjoyments, preferably London/surrounding areas. Box 7108.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFOUND lady, seeks non-smoker professional gentleman for friendship, incorporating music, arts, travel. Box 7172.

ATTRACTIVE COMPANION (lady), literary/musical interests, invited lunch/dinner over Christmas/New Year, by gentleman (good credentials), pleasant milieu London/Home Counties preferred. Genuine. Phone 02967? 4506, or write Box 7195.

AVAILABLE: scrawny, myopic, under-tanned, summer-deprived, intellectual, ex-Southern Hemisphere, Sussex male, 30. Desired: any female naturist companion to brighten up his lonely winter months. Box 7107.

BRISTOL/BATH: attractive woman, forties, professional background, wonders if there is a professional man, similar age, who would like to settle down. Box 7187.

BUDDING BAEDEKER, boyish 50s, becalmed betwixt Bloomsbury and Bayswater, beckons bonny, bustling but bashful bluestocking to bewitch, bother and bewilder him in Babylon? Bhutan? Box 7137.

CARIBBEAN GENTLEMAN, 38, interested in multiracial affairs, seeks a mature, unattached female, similarly inclined. An interest in education, music or politics desired. Box 7178.

CUDDLY TEDDY seeks 'little girl lost', romantic liberal, non-driver, into Irish/SA politics, Baez, Dylan, seeks non-smoking pussycat as soulmate/lover. S. London/your place. Box 7160.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

ECOLOGY CONSCIOUS pacifist male. 28, diet vegetarian, quests relationship with cheerful amorous feminist woman. Non-smoker. Sheffield-based, so mid-north especially but not exclusively. My activities include filmgoing, ceilidhs, cycling, A. T. Send small photo and description! Answers to all replies attempted. Box 7185.

ECONOMIST/ENGINEER, public school and Oxbridge, young 48, sportsman, many literary interests, returning UK from USA, seeking attractive, personable lady companion, 25+, single or otherwise, preferably London and South. Box 7060.

FEMALE SOCIALIST, 37, tired of endless meetings, seeks man, similar politics for visits cinema, fringe theatre, etc. Sense of humour essential. Box 7162.

GAY WOMAN, 46, intelligent, loving, kind, needs woman for love, affection and steady relationship. Likes pubs, politics, dogs, music. Hemel Hempstead/Herts area. A.L.A. Box 7156.

HUDDERSFIELD. 20s-30s, anti-Tory, leftish, 'Guardian' reader? Appreciate lively intelligent conversation, verbal wit, 'Stop the Week', walking, travelling, Indian food, discussing books, films, theatre, third-world issues, CND etc? Like-minded others meet informally for talking, eating, outings. Box 7193.

JOURNALIST (42), emerging from wreckage of long relationship, seeks sane, affectionate lady (35-42). If you like theatre, cinema and the Labour Party, so much the better. London/Surrey/Berks. Box 7192.

LIBRARIAN-POET, early 50s, now embarking on second career as translator, seeks good cook (possibly foreign national?) to share latter years. Box 7167.

LIFE BEGINS (again) at 40 for attractive affectionate, humorous, socialist, professional intellectual (!) man, if attractive woman, 25-35 sends letter, photo and phone number? Box 7154.

LIKEABLE LONDON teacher, 41, with many interests: politics, peace, conservation, music, sport, children; seeks similar lady, for friendship plus developments. Box 7152.

LONDON LADY, equally happy country, 55, size 18, 5ft 8in, middle-brow, needs honest, older gentleman friend, enhance life. No pseuds, problems. Box 7186.

MID-THIRTIES male teacher obsessed by travel, talk, books and people, wishes to share same with good-natured, mature woman looking for new relationships. Box 7169.

NO LUV no nuthin is a bit of a downer. Lady, forties, needs tall, slim mate, to change the scene for both of us. Box 7157.

OPERA-LOVING, LEFTIST, self-aware man, 45, Londoner, once-married opsimath, seeks company of bright-eyed, childless, articulate woman. Purpose: mutual life-enhancement. Box 7179.

PHOTOGRAPHY TUTOR, 50s, would like to share life with younger female friend. Inclinations include cinema, symphonies, self-development and the creation of a child. Box 7176.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, slim, good looking, seeks accomplished lady friend, late thirties, early forties. Box 7188.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, late fifties, unattached, considerate and practical, retiring soon on modest means because of indifferent health, wonders if there is anyone who might consider joining forces in some way which might make life more secure, more pleasant and generally richer for both parties. Non-gay, leftish, mobile. Box 7151.

PROFESSIONAL, SINGLE woman, late thirties, Manchester area, seeks intelligent, socialist, sensitive, non-sexist, unmarried, non-smoking manfriend, to share serious friendship, politics and the like. Box 7150.

RECENTLY RETIRED professional woman, divorced, grown-up family, seeks lively male companionship, share interests including arts, travel. Box 7153.

ROMANTICALLY INCLINED, single Englishman, 36, seeks female with lots of spare time to lavish his attention on. Age, race, looks unimportant, friendliness essential. London. Box 7196.

ROMANTIC BUT caring friendship, laughter, needed by lady, 48, slim, attractive, graduate, politically liberal, car, home Surrey/Hants, seeking widower/divorced male, 54 plus. Box 7194.

SOCIAL WORKER, 37, non-sexist, handsome, good humoured; enjoys countryside, food, films, music, children, seeks educated, sensual woman for sharing/caring relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 7180.

SOMEWHAT STATIC male, 45, West Kent, single, tall, personable, tastes: books, bed, music, walking, talking, politics, seeks compatible woman, to help open new horizons. Box 7171.

SUGARMUMMY WANTED. Gentleman, young 47, no ties, warm-hearted, sincere, discreet, easy-going, seeks position as handyman/gardener, to lady, 45-60. Box 7168.

WOMAN, 28, busy and happy but fed up being alone, interests: feminism, books, cycling, pubs, is looking for similar (non-smoking?) man. NE London. Box 7158.

YOUNG, PRESENTABLE, energetic, slightly zany, thirty-year-old, wishes to meet female counterpart, in Bristol area. Box 7155.

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SOUTH LONDON area. Intelligent male graduate, 30, not unattractive, seeks similar woman for friendship, maybe romance. Write and tell me about yourself. Photo appreciated. Box 7170.

TINY, GENTLE, quiet, motherly, single woman (unmarried mum of grown-up daughter), Yorkshire native, now inhabiting trendy NW6, seeks kind, intelligent, unattached man, for serious relationship, yes serious. Box 7177.

WOMAN, 38, independent, wishes to meet a man seeking similar goals: a committed relationship, open to the possibility of having and/or raising children; a creative, responsible way of life. I am essentially a quiet person and have a wide range of interests – the most important are poetry, feminism and nonviolence, the psychology of Jung. I enjoy walking, cinema and theatre, music, reading. Replies in good faith only, please. London. Box 7184.

WOMAN, 29, full life but missing lovers rather than friends. Interests: politics, music, art, would like to meet similar man. N. London. Box 7159.

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